

BBC

DOCTOR WHO

THE MOONS OF VULPANA

by Emma Reeves

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER McCOY

Time and space traveller.

MAGS: JESSICA MARTIN

Time and space traveller's companion – a Vulpanan werewolf.

ULLA:

Vulpanan matriarch.

ISSAK:

Ulla's eldest son.

JAKS:

Ulla's middle son.

TOB:

Ulla's youngest son.

BARTON:

A doctor.

SISTER LUMOR:

A werewolf priest. (Actually the Doctor in wolf's clothing.)

ALSO:

POACHERS, mongrel low-caste werewolves;

PREY, condemned Vulpanan criminals;

GUESTS, nobles of the Four Great Houses;

JAKS' RESEARCH ASSISTANTS (COLL and BRINN), servants who do his bidding;

HIGH BORN VULPANANS – from the Four Noble Houses.

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PART ONE

PRE-TITLES:

SCENE 1: INT. DEEP INSIDE TARDIS – LITTLE-USED ROOM

DOCTOR:

(WALKING UP) There you are, Mags. I wondered where you'd got to.

MAGS:

Stop hunting me.

DOCTOR:

Stop hiding from me. The TARDIS corridors don't go on forever – probably. I haven't checked in a while. But be sure I'll always find you.

MAGS:

Why can't you leave me alone?

DOCTOR:

Because while you're here, you're my responsibility. – TARDIS. Can we have some lights, old girl?

FLICKER – LIGHTS COME ON.

MAGS:

(ALMOST A HOWL) Switch them off! Don't look at me!

DOCTOR:

I see you're having a bad hair day.

MAGS:

Go. Now. I can't be around people. Not like this.

DOCTOR:

I know the feeling. A nice cup of tea usually helps.

MAGS:

I will rip your throat out.

DOCTOR:

More of a coffee drinker then?

MAGS:

Shut up! I will kill you! (ANIMAL SIDE TAKES OVER; LETS OUT HOWL OF UNCONTROLLABLE BLOOD-LUST...)

DOCTOR:

(COMMANDING) Stop it. Look at me, Mags. Look. At. Me. Now look at this.

MAGS:

(WOLFISH) The old pocket watch routine again?

DOCTOR:

Watch it move. Follow it with your eyes. Left – right. Left – right –

MAGS:

(WOLFISH) Your tricks aren't working any more. The monster inside me is too strong.

DOCTOR:

(ALMOST PLEASED, HIS THEORY CONFIRMED) I thought that might happen. (GETTING SOMETHING FROM POCKET) Luckily, I came prepared.

MAGS:

(WOLFISH) What is that thing?

DOCTOR:

A neutrino-powered sonic modulator.

MAGS:

(WOLFISH, LOSING CONTROL) Grrrrrrr...

DOCTOR:

(HASTY) I just pop this little gizmo in my mouth, and –

“SONIC MODULATOR” NOISE.

DOCTOR:

(VOICE NOW DIFFERENT, ON A NEW FREQUENCY) – Mags. You're safe. Safe. No need for fight, or flight. You can relax.

MAGS:

Relax...

DOCTOR:

That's right. You can resume your normal form. Breathe slowly... Good. Good...

MAGS:

(REGAINING CONTROL) It worked...

DOCTOR:

Of course it did.

MAGS:

How?

DOCTOR:

Because *I* invented it. I tuned it to a frequency which delivers messages straight into the amygdala of the Vulpanan wolf-brain.

MAGS:

(STUNNED, WANTING TO BELIEVE IT) So that's it. You've found a cure. It's over.

DOCTOR:

(CHEERFUL) Not for long, I imagine. It never is.

MAGS:

So how do we keep the wolf away?

DOCTOR:

The question is, do you want to? It's the oldest and most vital part of your nature.

MAGS:

No it's not! *I* am!

DOCTOR:

Yes, you bring a lot to the party. Intelligence. Abstract thinking. Opposable thumbs. Ability to use tools. All very useful – to protect the wolf.

MAGS:

To move beyond the wolf!

DOCTOR:

Mother Nature is a cunning old soldier. Luckily, so am I.

MAGS:

(BEAT) Doctor, we can't go on like this. The blood-lust gets worse every time.

DOCTOR:

And every time, you defeat it.

MAGS:

Thanks to you! If you have to keep constantly designing new technology to stop me from killing you... what's the point?

DOCTOR:

The point would be, stopping you from killing me.

MAGS:

But it's not fair on you. Please, you have to drop me off at the nearest populated planet.

DOCTOR:

That hardly seems fair on the population.

MAGS:

Fine, an unpopulated one!

DOCTOR:

And that's not very fair on you.

MAGS:

I can't see another way out. Doctor, I can't fight this any more.

DOCTOR:

Then maybe you should stop fighting?

MAGS:

I may be a freak, but I won't be a killer. I'd rather die.

DOCTOR:

Let's call that plan B.

MAGS:

You mean there's a plan A?

DOCTOR:

Always. Come along Mags. I'm taking you home.

MUSIC: OPENING THEME

SCENE 2: INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM

80s CONTROL ROOM HUM. IN FLIGHT.

MAGS:

... But I don't have a home. My people were driven from Vulpana years ago.

DOCTOR:

Yes. You're refugees. Persecuted for being different. Scraping a living any way you can. Forced to join mercenary armies, criminal gangs...

MAGS:

... Circuses.

DOCTOR:

Don't knock circuses, they're more important than you think.

MAGS:

I'm not. If I could trust myself, I'd go back to the Psychic Circus in a heartbeat. But what do you do when you're too freaky for the freakshow?

DOCTOR:

Freaky, freakish – it's all just a point of view. Everybody's normal to somebody.

MAGS:

Even you?

DOCTOR:

(CHANGING SUBJECT) We're nearly there. Do you want to materialize in orbit first, take a look at the old place from the air?

MAGS:

I don't really care. I told you, there's nothing there for me.

DOCTOR:

Really? The last time I visited, I had a blast. Made a supply run during the Siege of Coyote Rock.

MAGS:

(LAUGHS) Yeah, right. And I suppose you hung out with the Golden-Eyed Prince and Duchess Ironfang.

DOCTOR:

Delightful couple. I played the spoons at their coronation.

MAGS:

Doctor. None of this happened, did it?

DOCTOR:

You don't know your own planet's history?

MAGS:

The Coyote Wars aren't history, they're – myths. Fairy stories. Real wars have complex causes and effects, they don't just end because a stranger with a magical box suddenly–

DOCTOR:

Don't they?

MAGS:

It was you. (GROANS) It's always you.

DOCTOR:

Interesting fact. The ancient Vulpanans were partially colour blind – they struggled with the colour blue.

MAGS:

So it's all real? The Four Great Wolf Packs, the Golden Millennium? The thousand years of peace and harmony?

DOCTOR:

By and large, yes. Oh, there were a few attempted incursions, but the invaders changed their minds when your people showed their teeth. So, for a thousand years, the Vulpanans were left alone to develop their own civilisation.

MAGS:

What was it like?

CENTRAL COLUMN STOPS MOVING. ARRIVAL BING.

DOCTOR:

Let's find out.

SCENE 3: EXT. VULPANA – EDGE OF FOREST

TARDIS DOOR OPENS. MAGS AND DOCTOR EXIT.

DOCTOR:

Perfect timing. Just in time for the sunset.

MAGS:

The four moons...

DOCTOR CLOSES DOOR.

DOCTOR:

Mags, are you all right?

MAGS:

(EMOTIONAL) Fine, it's just... I'd forgotten how beautiful they were. Are. Were.

THEY WALK.

DOCTOR:

Which moon is yours?

MAGS:

I was taken from Vulpana as a cub. But I think I used to change with the Second Moon – why?

DOCTOR:

You'll find it's quite important here. The four Packs look after their own. If we can find some Second Mooners, we'll be treated as honoured guests. Your blood is linked to the same lunar patterns. They'll treat you like part of the family.

MAGS:

(SARKY) And no-one ever kills family.

DOCTOR:

Not the Ancient Vulpanans! They have a wolfish sense of loyalty to their packs.

MAGS:

Wolfish?

DOCTOR:

It's a good thing. Your people are intelligent and sophisticated.

OFF, POACHERS APPROACHING THROUGH TREES – TRYING TO BE STEALTHY, BUT SNAPPING TWIGS.

MAGS:

(HEARING WITH SENSITIVE EARS) Doctor –

DOCTOR:

(OBLIVIOUS) Their sense of etiquette is highly evolved. Very refined, if somewhat rigid –

MAGS:

Doctor! Someone's coming.

CROSS TO – CLOSE BY.

POACHER #1:

(STOPS, SNIFFS AIR) I smell strangers.

POACHER #2:

(SNIFFING) I smell food.

CROSS BACK TO...

DOCTOR:

Mags – run!

MAGS:

(RUNNING) Already running. Come on Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Right behind you! (RUNS)

CROSS BACK TO...

POACHER #1:

Chase food.

POACHER #2:

Catch and kill!

POACHERS:

(EMIT WILD, WOLF-LIKE HOWLS AS THEY CHASE DOCTOR AND MAGS)

CROSS BACK TO...

SCENE 4: EXT. VULPANA – EDGE OF FOREST/CLEARING

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING) I don't understand it –

MAGS:

(RUNNING) I do! We're in the wrong place, or the wrong time, or both –

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING) No, I mean, werewolves usually hunt in packs –

MAGS:

(STOPPING) ... so they can completely surround their prey.

DOCTOR:

(STOPPED) Yes, exactly. Why have we stopped?

MAGS:

Because of the lights in the trees on the other side of the clearing.

DOCTOR:

(REALISATION) They're not lights, they're –

MAGS:

They're eyes. I think we've just found the rest of the pack.

POACHERS ARRIVE BEHIND.

POACHER #2:

(ADVANCING TOWARDS DOCTOR) My food! Mine!

POACHER #1:

I saw first! Me eat!

DOCTOR:

Plenty to go round. – But first, look at my lovely watch...

MAGS:

Not the watch!

DOCTOR:

... That's right, follow it with your eyes while I get out my sonic modulator. And now – (USES MODULATOR, AS IN SCENE 1. VOICE CHANGES) ... you're feeling sleepy.

POACHER #1:

(YAWNS) Me tired.

POACHER #2:

Me too.

FIRST TWO POACHERS LIE DOWN AND SLEEP.

MAGS:

Good one, Doctor –

LOUD HOWLS AS REST OF PACK ADVANCE FROM TREES.

DOCTOR:

(NORMAL VOICE) Alas, we're not out of the woods yet. Literally.

MAGS:

Oh no, here come the rest!

4 x SNARLING WEREWOLVES DESCEND ON DOCTOR AND MAGS.

DOCTOR:

(MODULATED VOICE) You don't want to hurt us. You just want to go to sleep...

4 x WEREWOLVES SETTLE DOWN TO SLEEP.

MAGS:

Doctor, that's amazing!

DOCTOR:

(NORMAL) There's always a peaceful solution, Mags. All you have to do is [find it –]

ANOTHER SNARLING POACHER RUNS OUT OF TREES.

POACHER #7:

(SNARLS)

MAGS:

There's another one! Doctor-!!

POACHER LUNGES AT DOCTOR, SINKING TEETH INTO HIS LEG.

DOCTOR:

(PAIN) Aah! My leg! He bit my leg!!

MAGS:

(TO POACHER) Why? – Get off him!!

DOCTOR:

Why? Because there's always one who can't be placated.

MAGS:

And that's when you need a werewolf on your side. (HOWLS, STARTS TO TRANSFORM. CROSS TO...)

SCENE 5: EXT. VULPANA – ANOTHER PART OF FOREST [CONTINUOUS]

FOUR RIDERS ON HORSEBACK, GOING ALONG FOREST TRACK. MAGS' BATTLE-HOWL IN DISTANCE.

ULLA:
(SHARP) Stop!

ALL PULL UP HORSES.

ULLA:
Boys, did you hear that?

ISSAK:
Don't worry, Mother. It's probably just poachers.

TOB:
We'll protect you!

ULLA:
Since when did your mother fear poachers?

DISTANT MAGS-HOWL AGAIN.

ULLA:
Listen again, boys.

JAKS:
That's a pureblood. A female.

TOB:
(EXCITED) A girl!

ISSAK:
One of our own is in danger.

ULLA:
If she's truly one of our own, she *is* the danger.

TOB:
(EXCITED) Come on, let's find her!

TOB SPURS HORSE, GALLOPS OFF, FOLLOWED BY OTHERS. CROSS BACK TO...

SCENE 6: EXT. VULPANA – CLEARING [CONTINUOUS]

SNARLING AS MAGS BATTLES POACHER #7.

MAGS:

(WOLFISH) Leave this man alone. He is mine!

POACHER #7:

Get own food!

MAGS:

(WOLFISH) Back off, or YOU will be my food! (ASIDE, TO DOCTOR)
Run, Doctor! I'll hold him off.

DOCTOR:

(PAINED) I can't walk. My leg –

POACHER #7:

(GLOATING) Food is hurt.

MAGS:

(WOLFISH) I'll show you hurt. Yaa! (SWIPES WITH CLAWS)

POACHER #7:

(YELPS)

MAGS:

(WOLFISH) Go now and I'll let you live.

4 x MORE POACHERS:

(HOWLS, SNARLING AS THEY ADVANCE FROM TREES, OFF)

DOCTOR:

More of them!

POACHER #7:

Many more. Give us food, we let you live.

4 x RIDERS ON HORSEBACK APPROACHING FROM OFF.

MAGS:

Let him be, or I'll kill your whole pack!

4 x RIDERS PULL UP. WHIP CRACKS.

ULLA:

(CALLING) You there! Stop that.

DOCTOR:

(GROGGY FROM HERE – DELIRIUM SETTING IN) Good idea!

ULLA:

Silence, serf! How dare you address a matriarch of the Second House?

POACHER #7 & 4 x MORE POACHERS:

(WHIMPERING, AFRAID, SLINKING BACK INTO TREES)

MAGS:

(WOLFISH) Where are you going? Cowards? Come back here and fight!

SLOW APPLAUSE FROM ISSAK.

ISSAK:

Magnificent. Quite magnificent.

JAKS:

If a little violent.

TOB:

And in need of a haircut.

ULLA:

Manners, Tob. That is no way to talk to a lady of pedigree.

MAGS:

(WOLFISH) Lady? Me?!

ISSAK:

She's a pureblood!

ULLA:

Of course. (TO MAGS) Feel free to change, dear, don't be embarrassed.

DOCTOR:

(GROGGY) Do as the lady says, Mags.

MAGS:

(WOLFISH) OK. (EFFORT)

AS MAGS CHANGES BACK...

TOB:

Wow.

ISSAK:

Yes, she's every bit as beautiful in daylight form.

MAGS:

Cheers. – What did you mean by 'pureblood'?

ISSAK:

The breeding is unmistakable. (SNIFFS) And unless my nose fails me, you're a Second Mooner, too.

TOB:

One of us! Mother, can we take her home?

JAKS:

She's a person. Why don't you ask her?

ISSAK:

I'll ask her. I'm the oldest. (TO MAGS) Strange lady, we are of the family Benja, leaders of the Pack of the Second Moon. We humbly beg to make your acquaintance.

MAGS:

Um – sure. Thanks. I'm Mags, and this is – Doctor? Are you OK?

DOCTOR:

(DELIRIOUS) Two sugars for the Valeyard, Mel...

MAGS:

Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(DELIRIOUS) None for the Rani.

MAGS:

Doctor, you're not making sense.

JAKS:

Looks like he took a couple of nasty bites from those poachers.

MAGS:

Poachers?

ISSAK:

Those vicious half-breed brutes who attacked you. We try to drive them off our land, but they keep coming back.

ULLA:

The cowards have no regard for the lunar cycles. They attack whatever the moon. Contaminating our livestock with the poison from their filthy fangs.

MAGS:

Poison?

JAKS:

Yes. Your servant needs urgent medical treatment.

MAGS:

He's not actually –

ISSAK:

My Lady Mags, these woods are dangerous for travellers. Bandits and poachers lurk behind every tree.

TOB:

Please, come and stay with us. You can bring your serf, we don't mind.

MAGS:

Like I said, he's not –

JAKS:

We must hurry, if you hope to save his life.

TOB:

Come on, Lady Mags! You can share my horse.

ISSAK:

My horse is stronger. She rides with me.

JAKS:

Doesn't she get a choice?

MAGS:

Calm down, guys, I haven't agreed to go with you yet!

ISSAK:

But you will – won't you?

TOB:

Please, pretty lady? Please?

MAGS:

Since you ask so nicely... All right. But I ride by myself.

ULLA:

Issak, give Mags your horse and ride with Tob. Jaks, you bring the serf.

ISSAK:

Yes, Mother.

SCENE 7: EXT. FOREST TRACK – VULPANA (A LITTLE LATER)

FADE UP – 4 X HORSES, TROTTING.

ULLA:

(TO MAGS, CONFIDENTIAL) Forgive my sons, Lady Mags. They can be over-eager. But they are thoroughbreds. And all unmarried.

MAGS:

Oh... good?

ULLA:

My sons have never lacked for female companionship. But when it comes to marriage, they will do their duty by their House. I'm sure you appreciate the importance of pure breeding, in these mongrel times.

MAGS:

I've... been away. Are purebloods really so rare, Mrs –?

ULLA:

Lady Ulla. We grow fewer with every generation. But the House of the Second Moon will not fall easily. I shall fight tooth and claw to defend our heritage – and so will my sons. Whichever you choose, you will have chosen well.

MAGS:

Choose...? Wait, you don't mean –

ULLA:

Issak is my eldest. He's loyal and brave, and of course he's the biggest and strongest – I assume you're looking for an alpha husband?

MAGS:

I wasn't really looking for a husband at all –

ULLA:

But you soon will be. And if not, you should. It is a truth universally acknowledged that if you don't hunt in your prime, you may starve in old age.

MAGS:

But I'm a pureblood. You said I could have my pick.

ULLA:

Just a word of advice, from one alpha female to another. Take it or leave it, but I'd hate to see you settle for an omega.

MAGS:

Me too.

ULLA:

Good. So, if I were you, I'd be springing on Issak.

MAGS:

Would you?

ULLA:

Stalking, pouncing, sealing the deal. He's the solid choice. Yes, Tob *is* handsomer, and usually better groomed, but Issak is more – dependable. A mother knows her cubs.

MAGS:

I'm sure you do... What about the other one?

ULLA:

Jaks is – clever.

MAGS:

Maybe too clever?

ULLA:

Personally, I believe thinking is better left to females. Something for us to get on with while the males howl and fight. But then, I am old-fashioned. Jaks says I am a relic of another age.

MAGS:

Maybe that's not such a bad thing.

ULLA:

I'm glad we met you, Mags. Perhaps the fortunes of our House are changing at last. – Ah! Here we are!

MAGS:

That's your house?

ULLA:

Yes. That is Castle Benja. (GEES HORSE) On!

ALL CANTER OFF. FADE.

SCENE 8: INT. CASTLE – COURTYARD

BANGING ON OUTSIDE OF DOORS.

ISSAK:

(CALLING FROM OUTSIDE) Open up! We're home!

HEAVY CASTLE DOORS PULLED OPEN BY SERVANTS. 4 x HORSES RIDE INTO COBBLED COURTYARD. 4 x HORSES STOP.

MAGS:

Nice place you've got here.

ISSAK DISMOUNTS.

ISSAK:

Of course, all this will all be mine one day. Let me help you dismount, Lady Mags.

TOB JUMPS DOWN FROM HIS HORSE.

TOB:

No, I'll help her!

MAGS:

I can manage myself, thanks. (SWINGS DOWN FROM SADDLE)

ISSAK and TOB:

(GROWL AT EACH OTHER)

ULLA DISMOUNTS ELEGANTLY.

ULLA:

Really, boys! Not in front of our guest! Not to mention the servants. (CALLING) Grooms! Take the horses.

4 x SERVANTS RUSH UP, LEAD HORSES AWAY THROUGH...

JAKS:

My brothers. One sniff of a female and they're scrapping like cubs.

ISSAK:

And when was the last time you sniffed a female, omega?

TOB:

(SNORTS WITH LAUGHTER) Omega!

ULLA:

(GROWLS) Language! None of my boys is an omega.

JAKS:

(CALLING, RE DOCTOR) Servants, help me with this serf!

ULLA:

Lady Mags, come with me –

MAGS:

I can't leave the Doctor.

ULLA:

My dear, your servant will be well taken care of.

MAGS:

He's not my servant. He's a Time Lord from Gallifrey!

ULLA:

(SURPRISED) An outlander?

JAKS:

Whatever he is, our doctors can heal him. We're not as primitive as some seem to believe. And Doctor Barton is one of the best on Vulpana.

ULLA:

Good, that's settled. Come along, Lady Mags. We will take some refreshment while your quarters are prepared...

SCENE 9: INT. CASTLE – SERVANTS' QUARTERS (LATER)

FADE UP.

BARTON:

The fever's abated. Temperature normal...

DOCTOR:

(STIRS) Mags...

BARTON:

Well, hello there! How are you feeling now?

DOCTOR:

Mags, is that – (REALISATION) Who are you?

BARTON:

My name is Barton. Your doctor.

DOCTOR:

My Doctor?

BARTON:

Yes. I've been told you are also a doctor.

DOCTOR:

Not a Doctor, *the* Doctor. Why do they never get that right?

BARTON:

Drink this broth, it will build your strength. You lost a lot of blood.

DOCTOR:

I know. I had a close encounter of the werewolf kind.

BARTON:

(SHOCKED) Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Yes?

BARTON:

I don't know much about off-world etiquette, but here on Vulpana we don't use such – epithets.

DOCTOR:

You don't do the W-word, hmm?

BARTON:

Never. Not even of the lowest mongrels. Like the one who bit you.

DOCTOR:

Yes, glad you brought that up, I've been meaning to ask. It was quite a nasty bite. Does it mean I'm likely to turn into a – lycanthrope? Can I say that?

BARTON:

Yes –

DOCTOR:

Really?!

BARTON:

... Yes, you can say that, but no, you won't change.

DOCTOR:

Are you sure?

BARTON:

I've heard of the rumours that circulate off-world, but sadly, they are no more than fairy stories.

DOCTOR:

Sadly?

BARTON:

If it were that easy, everyone would be doing it. And believe me, I have tried. I devoted years of my life to failed experiments. I did succeed in isolating the particular humours of the blood which create the condition, but when I introduced them into my own body, I experienced nothing more than a slight head cold.

DOCTOR:

So you've been *trying* to turn yourself into a – you-know what?

BARTON:

To raise myself to the level of my betters!

DOCTOR:

Barton, we're doctors. Nobody's better than us.

BARTON:

On your world, maybe. But here on Vulpana, breeding is the only thing of any real importance.

SCENE 10: INT. CASTLE – UPSTAIRS PARLOUR

FOOD AND DRINKS SERVED.

ISSAK:

Would you like some wine, Lady Mags?

MAGS:

Maybe I should eat something first.

ISSAK:

I'll fetch you some canapes –

TOB:

No, I will! You brought the drinks, it's my turn!

THE BROTHERS GO TO FETCH FOOD.

JAKS:

Is it fun? Being fought over like a piece of fresh meat?

MAGS:

It's – different. You're Jaks, right? The middle one?

JAKS:

When I met you... I thought you'd rather be the hunter than the hunted.

MAGS:

Maybe I don't want to be either.

JAKS:

All purebloods are hunters. It's in their nature.

MAGS:

Don't you mean *our* nature?

ISSAK:

(RETURNING WITH FOOD) Leave the female alone, omega! She's mine. Lady Mags, would you take a haunch of venison, or would you prefer the entrails?

TOB:

(ALSO RETURNING) She's a classy lady! Try this wild boar's head.

MAGS:

Guys, seriously, stop this.

ULLA:

Boys, while you fight amongst yourselves, our guest goes hungry. Lady Mags, please. For the honour of our house, you must eat something. The choice is yours.

ISSAK:

Venison!

TOB:

Boar's head!

MAGS:

(THINKS FOR A MOMENT) Jaks, would you mind getting me a snack?

JAKS:

Sorry, Mags. I'm not on the table.

JAKS WALKS AWAY.

ULLA:

Jaks! Lady Mags, I do apologise for my sons –

MAGS:

(A LITTLE EMBARRASSED) That's OK. You know what? I'm actually *really* hungry. Give me both plates.

ISSAK:

Mine first!

TOB:

No, mine!

SCENE 11: INT. CASTLE – SERVANTS' QUARTERS

THE DOCTOR TRYING TO FIGHT HIS WAY UPSTAIRS, BARTON STOPPING HIM.

DOCTOR:

Out of my way, Doctor Barton. I need to talk to Mags.

BARTON:

Doctor, you can't go up there.

DOCTOR:

But I go everywhere.

BARTON:

Not here! Only purebloods are allowed upstairs. Please, respect our customs. If you force your way up there and make a scene, you could ruin Lady Mags's chances.

DOCTOR:

Chances at what?

BARTON:

Matrimony! From what you say, she has no land and no fortune – yet she is in one of the finest houses of Vulpana, being offered the pick of the litter.

DOCTOR:

Then why are these jawless wonders so keen to throw themselves at Mags?

BARTON:

Purebloods are increasingly rare. The ancient families are dying out.

DOCTOR:

I'm not surprised, if they don't respect doctors.

BARTON:

What do you expect? We're servants. We work for others.

DOCTOR:

So tell me, Barton. If you'd managed to make it work – the whole teeth, hair and moon thing – do you think your life would have been better?

BARTON:

Of course! I would have risen in the world. My children might even have married purebloods.

DOCTOR:

And that's what you want for them? To join a group of in-bred, in-fighting aristocrats who think their traditions are more important than anything else?

BARTON:

I wouldn't expect you to understand.

DOCTOR:

I understand all right. That's the trouble. Come on, Barton –

BARTON:

– I told you, we can't go upstairs! –

DOCTOR:

We're not going upstairs. We're going outside. I want to take a good look at those moons of yours.

BARTON:

(RELIEVED) Oh! Well, if that's all you want, the castle battlements are an ideal place for sky-watching.

DOCTOR:

Good. Let's go.

SCENE 12: INT. CASTLE – UPSTAIRS PARLOUR

MAGS:

OK, so – you – is this your card?

ISSAK:

Yes, Lady Mags.

MAGS:

No, it isn't! Well, it wasn't supposed to be.

JAKS:

(SNARKY, TO HIMSELF) Don't you just love party tricks?

ISSAK:

You're right, Lady Mags. That is *not* my card.

MAGS:

Good. Right. So. Why don't you tear open that wild boar's head?

ISSAK:

Your wish is my command, Lady Mags.

ISSAK DOES SO.

MAGS:

Look inside... Closer – do you see anything?

ISSAK:

By all the moons, what's this?

MAGS:

Is it your card?

TOB:

It is! It is! She got you, Issak!

ISSAK:

She certainly did.

APPLAUSE FROM ISSAK AND TOB.

MAGS:

Thank you! Now, who wants to bet I can't do a triple somersault from the buffet table – wearing that suit of armour?

ISSAK:

Nobody here would dare to bet against you.

TOB:

Lady Mags, you are tremendous fun.

MAGS:

You just wait.

CLANKING AS MAGS PUTS ON SUIT OF ARMOUR.

MAGS:

OK, so normally, for this bit, I leap through a ring of fire –

TOB:

We can burn one of the family portraits! (GOES TO GRAB A PICTURE...)

ULLA:

Not now, Tob.

TOB:

Mother! We're having fun!

ULLA:

Of course you are. But we should save something for tomorrow.

MAGS:

Why? What's happening tomorrow?

TOB:

The Moon Day Festival!

MAGS:

What's that?

ULLA:

You *have* been away a long time. Tomorrow night, our moon will be at its fullest – and it is our turn to host the celebrations. There will be a moonlit soiree, games and hunting.

ISSAK:

Anyone who's anyone will be here.

JAKS:

You mean, everyone from the four Great Houses.

ISSAK:

That's what I said. And you, Lady Mags, will be the guest of honour.

MAGS:

OK...

SCENE 13: **EXT. CASTLE - BATTLEMENTS**

DOCTOR:

The four moons of Vulpana. (QUOTING) "Four bright sisters/
Dancing the night/
In an intricate cotillion."

BARTON:

That sounds like a poem.

DOCTOR:

It is, Barton. By one of your own Ancient Vulpanans.

BARTON:

Ancient?

DOCTOR:

(QUOTES) "Never meeting, never clashing/
Imposing heavenly order./
As above, so below./
People ruled not by each other/
But by the moons themselves."

BARTON:

That's a rather romantic view of it.

DOCTOR:

Yes, well, that's poets for you. They find something beautiful
and get carried away. It takes their mind off the natural
cruelty of the universe.

BARTON:

It certainly is a glorious sight. Sometimes it takes an
outsider's view to make us appreciate what we have. Thank you,
Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Don't thank me. I haven't found it yet.

BARTON:

Found what?

DOCTOR:

The flaw in the pattern. The chip in the china. The tangle in
the web.

BARTON:

[BEAT] As I told you, Doctor, you've lost a lot of blood, and
those mongrel bites can be very toxic. Delirium is a common
side effect -

DOCTOR:

I'm not delirious. I'm functioning exactly as I should be. It's your sky that's the problem.

BARTON:

[HUMOURING HIM] I see... Doctor, you've had a shock, and the night air is cold – can't this wait until morning?

DOCTOR:

Morning will be too late. I'm not moving from here until I work out what's wrong with your moons.

BARTON:

Yes, Doctor. I'll just go and have another look at the blood sample I took from you –

DOCTOR:

You do that.

BARTON GOES.

DOCTOR:

(TO HIMSELF) As above, so below... (TO THE SKY) What *is* it? What are you hiding?

SCENE 14: INT. CASTLE – UPSTAIRS PARLOUR

TOB:

Lady Mags, may I have the honour of the first dance tomorrow?

ISSAK:

Mother, tell him! I'm the oldest!

TOB:

I asked first!

MAGS:

Careful what you wish for, boys. I'm not much of a dancer.

ISSAK:

But you are so athletic – so nimble –

TOB:

... So bendy –

MAGS:

(LAUGHS) I learned all that stuff at the circus. I wouldn't know where to start with ballroom dancing.

ULLA:

You were in a circus?!

MAGS:

Travelled all over the galaxy on the second-class circuit. Twice.

ULLA:

It must have been fascinating.

MAGS:

Really? I thought you'd disapprove.

ULLA:

A lady without a past makes a dull wife. It's good to explore as a cub. To have different experiences – before settling down, of course.

JAKS:

Yes, you need to learn new ideas. How else can you reject them all?

ULLA:

Really, Jaks! Show some respect for our guest.

JAKS:

Oh, I respect *Mags*.

ISSAK:

(THREATENING) Does that mean you don't respect us, *brother*?

TOB:

(SUPPORTING ISSAK) Yes, *brother*?

JAKS:

Clamp your jaws, you two.

ISSAK:

I'll clamp them round your neck!

JAKS:

We all know you could beat me in a fight. But what would that prove?

TOB:

It would prove we won! (GROWLS)

MAGS:

Stop it! Both of you!

ISSAK:

(DISAPPOINTED) Lady Mags?

TOB:

Let us fight, Lady Mags. I will tear him apart for you.

MAGS:

There's really no need. Jaks. Why do you have such a problem with your family's traditions?

JAKS:

You've toured the Galaxy, and you still have to ask? Tomorrow we'll host a kennel full of inbred pups, yapping and scrapping and baying at the moon in a frenzy of blood-lust...

TOB:

(HOWLS WITH EXCITEMENT) I can't wait!

ISSAK:

You must hunt with me, Lady Mags. I'm the fastest, the strongest, the bravest –

JAKS:

The stupidest. But what does that matter, as long as you've got a thick pelt and huge slavering jaws?

ISSAK:

Of course you're jealous, omega! You're always behind the pack, always last in at the kill.

JAKS:

I don't hunt at all if I can help it. I despise it.

ISSAK:

You're not too proud to eat the food we hunt.

JAKS:

But you don't just kill to eat, you kill for fun.

ULLA:

The Hunt is a tradition.

JAKS:

One that shames us all.

ULLA:

It is our nature. You might as well be ashamed of your own skin.

JAKS:

Sometimes I am! Look at us all, what are we but slaves to the moons? Unable to control our own primitive urges.

MAGS:

Jaks. Do you wish you could be different?

JAKS:

Of course I do. Growing claws, fur and fangs every month whether you want to or not. Frankly, it's embarrassing. No wonder other worlds shun us.

TOB:

Who cares about other worlds?

JAKS:

I do.

ULLA:

Then you're very foolish, Jaks. It is *we* who shun *them*. Let them say what they want. Let them call us uncivilised, violent monsters. So long as they leave us alone, to live as we wish to – with our own kind.

JAKS:

What do you think, Mags?

ISSAK:

(QUICKLY) Yes, Lady Mags!

TOB:

(QUICKLY) What do you think?

MAGS:

I think... Jaks, maybe you need to see some other worlds. Then you might appreciate what you've got here.

JAKS:

Touché, Lady Mags.

ISSAK:

She's on our side!

TOB:

(QUICKLY) I knew it!

MAGS:

Now, I really must check on the Doctor. See you later, boys.
(EXITS)

TOB:

'Bye, Lady Mags!

ISSAK:

Farewell. Until tomorrow.

SCENE 15: **EXT. CASTLE - BATTLEMENTS**

DOOR OPENS, OFF.

DOCTOR:

(MUTTERED TO SELF, WATCHING SKIES) Four moons, present and correct. Everything where it should be. Heavenly order. And yet...

MAGS:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Doctor! I've been looking everywhere for you.

DOCTOR:

Lady Mags. I'd doff my hat but I left it inside.

MAGS:

(JOINING IN BANTER) 'Silence, serf!' – Are you sure you're even allowed up here?

DOCTOR:

Yes, Doctor Barton brought me through the servants' entrance. Over there. So – how's life above stairs?

MAGS:

It's like living in a video-drama. I've had two offers of marriage already.

DOCTOR:

Only two?

MAGS:

Two out of three – not bad for a circus freak!

DOCTOR:

As I told you, there's no such thing as a freak.

MAGS:

These people are just like me. I mean, *just* like me. One of them even wishes he wasn't like me, that's how like me he is. And none of them know how lucky they are.

DOCTOR:

(SUDDENLY BRISK) So, we've seen what we came to see. Ready to move on?

MAGS:

What? No! Why would we go *now*?

DOCTOR:

Because it's what we do. Unless you're planning to leave me to marry someone you've only just met.

MAGS:

Of course not, I'm not that shallow. But can't we stay just a little bit longer? It's the Festival of the Second Moon tomorrow!

DOCTOR:

I really don't like the look of that sky.

MAGS:

Well you can stay inside if it rains. Please, Doctor? One more day?

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS) One more day. Off you go then, back to your suitors. Break a few more hearts –

MAGS:

(SUDDENLY ALERT, SENSES TINGLING) Who's there?

DOCTOR:

I am, why?

MAGS:

Not you, I thought there was someone in the tower doorway. (BEAT) Never mind. I'm going to bed. Will you be OK out here alone?

DOCTOR:

I'm not alone, I've got my moons.

MAGS:

Whatever makes you happy. Goodnight, Doctor – (BEAT) – and, thank you for bringing me here.

MAGS GOES, CLOSING DOOR BEHIND.

DOCTOR:

(TO MOONS) What's your secret, bright sisters? Your orbits are almost perfect, but... (NOTICING SOMETHING SURPRISING) Ahhhh – is *that* it?

SERVANTS' ENTRANCE DOOR CREAKS; BARTON ENTERS.

DOCTOR:

Ah, Doctor Barton! Come here, I think I might have found the problem. Look up there, between the first and third moons...

BARTON:

(AGGRESSIVE GROWL)

SHINK! AS BARTON PULLS A KNIFE.

DOCTOR:

Ah. What's the knife for, Barton...?

BARTON:

(ADVANCES, GROWLING)

DOCTOR:

You're not one of them, you told me so yourself. You're not a blood-crazed killer...

BARTON:

(SNARLS)

DOCTOR:

(GRABBED) What are you doing? Let go of me —

BARTON:

(HOWL OF TRIUMPH, RAISING KNIFE)

DOCTOR:

No, Barton! Barton, no!!

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

REPRISE:

DOCTOR:

(GRABBED) *What are you doing? Let go of me –*

BARTON:

(HOWL OF TRIUMPH, RAISING KNIFE)

DOCTOR:

No, Barton! Barton, no!!

CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 16: **EXT. CASTLE – BATTLEMENTS [CONTINUOUS]**

DOCTOR:

(CALLING) *Help! Mags! Lady Ulla! Servants! Anyone!*

BARTON:

(GROWLING)

DOCTOR:

(INCREASINGLY DESPERATE) *Mags!!*

SCENE 17: **INT. CASTLE – CORRIDOR**

MAGS CREEPING ALONG. CONFRONTED BY JAKS.

JAKS:

Lady Mags! What are you doing up here?

MAGS:

(A SMOOTH LIE) Looking for my quarters.

JAKS:

On the wrong side of the castle? I thought all purebloods had a perfect sense of direction.

MAGS:

Maybe I'm not as pure as you think... Jaks.

JAKS:

I doubt that. Seriously, why are you stalking me?

SCENE 18: EXT. CASTLE – BATTLEMENTS

BARTON STILL ATTACKING DOCTOR.

BARTON:
(GROWLING)

DOCTOR:
(STRUGGLING) Barton, this has gone far enough –

DOOR BURSTS OPEN, OFF – ISSAK & TOB APPEAR.

ISSAK:
Barton, release that peasant!

BARTON:
(STOPS – PUZZLED “RRR?”)

DOCTOR:
I prefer to be called Doctor.

TOB:
Stay calm, Doctor. I will save you!

ISSAK:
No, I will save Lady Mags' serf. I was here first.

TOB:
Well, I'm here now!

ISSAK:
I've had enough of your insolence, little brother. I demand you respect me as your alpha.

TOB:
Alpha? Don't make me laugh! I challenge you!

ISSAK:
You dare to challenge me?

TOB:
Bring it, brother! (GROWLS)

SCENE 19: INT. CASTLE – CORRIDOR

MAGS:

Me, stalking you?! Why were you stalking me, Jaks?

JAKS:

Lady Mags, [I –]

MAGS:

I saw you! Outside! When I was talking to the Doctor. You were spying on me.

JAKS:

Can you blame me? We've had no visitors here for generations. Then a mysterious stranger with a perfect pedigree suddenly arrives from offworld. I was – intrigued.

MAGS:

You mean suspicious.

JAKS:

You must admit that you seem too good to be true. You arrived on Second Moon Eve, of all times! Like something from one of the old prophecies. If I believed in primitive superstition –

MAGS:

Which you don't, of course.

JAKS:

I believe in other people's belief. Who sent you, Mags?

MAGS:

Nobody sent me. I travelled here with the Doctor.

JAKS:

Why? What were you looking for? Or should I say – who?

MAGS:

I wasn't looking for anybody!

JAKS:

"These people are just like me. One of them even wishes he wasn't like me..."

MAGS:

Listening to other people's conversations. That's not very dignified.

JAKS:

Nor are you, circus girl.

MAGS:

I knew it. You're the worst snob of the lot.

SCENE 20: EXT. CASTLE – BATTLEMENTS

ISSAK & TOB:

(GROWLING, CIRCLING EACH OTHER)

BARTON:

(HOWLS, GOES FOR DOCTOR AGAIN)

DOCTOR:

Get back, Barton! – Gentlemen, I hate to inconvenience you, but I'm still very much under attack. So if one of you could reach into my pocket and grab my sonic modulator –

ISSAK:

I'll do it! (TO TOB) Stand aside, cub!

TOB:

You stand aside!

DOCTOR:

Not to worry, I've got it myself...

SONIC MODULATOR SOUNDS.

DOCTOR:

(MODULATED VOICE) Barton. Let go of me.

BARTON:

(SUDDENLY CONFUSED, FRIGHTENED) Doctor? What was I doing?

DOCTOR:

(NORMAL) It's all right, Barton. Lie down now.

ISSAK:

(SCOLDING) Bad Barton! Very bad!

BARTON:

(WHINES LIKE A BEATEN DOG)

TOB:

How did you do that, Doctor?

ISSAK:

(DISMISSIVE) Some sort of scientific trick. Nothing that the sons of the House of Benja should concern ourselves with.

TOB:

Why was Barton fighting him anyway?

DOCTOR:

I don't know. We were getting on famously until he attacked me with a knife.

ISSAK:

Who cares why peasants squabble? He will be punished.

TOB:

(TO BARTON) On your feet, cur! You're going to the dungeon.

DOCTOR:

Wait! Before you take him away, I'd like the chance to examine him.

ISSAK:

Don't worry, Doctor. He will never hurt you again.

DOCTOR:

That's not what I'm asking —

BARTON:

(WHIMPERS AS TOB ESCORTS HIM AWAY)

SCENE 21: INT. CASTLE – CORRIDOR

JAKS:

Mags, you've brought fresh air into this dungeon of a castle. Don't fall for my mother's traps.

MAGS:

What traps?

JAKS:

You've met my brothers.

MAGS:

Yes, *they've* been wonderful hosts.

JAKS:

If you say so.

MAGS:

(WINDING HIM UP) They're sweet, they think I'm smart and funny, they can't do enough for me –

JAKS:

They're two hulking idiots with more fangs than brain cells. If that's the sort of thing you like –

MAGS:

You know what I *don't* like? Entitled posh boys who don't know how easy they've had it.

JAKS:

Easy? Growing up as the runt of the litter, the omega –

MAGS:

– In a massive *castle*. With your family around you, surrounded by your own kind.

JAKS:

But they're not my kind. I don't think they're your kind, either.

MAGS:

How would you know?

JAKS:

You said it yourself. You want to be different. To rise above your base nature and become something more. Something better.

MAGS:

When did I say that, exactly?

JAKS:

Don't deny it, Mags. I know you feel the same as I do. We're the same, you and me. And we both want the same thing... (MOVES TO KISS HER)

MAGS:

(BARK-LIKE YELP OF SURPRISE AS SHE MOVES AWAY) Urgh, get off! Stop telling me what I want!

JAKS:

I'm sorry, Mags. I presumed too much -

MAGS:

Yeah, you did!

JAKS:

Please, let me explain -

MAGS:

First, you'd better take a cold shower. Later, dog!

SCENE 22: INT. CASTLE – DUNGEON (LATER)

HEAVY CELL DOOR OPENED.

TOB:

(SHOVING BARTON) In!!

BARTON:

(SHOVED – WOLFISH WHIMPERING)

DOOR SLAMMED SHUT, KEY TURNED.

ISSAK:

You'll stay there, Barton. Mother will deal with you tomorrow.

BARTON:

(WHIMPERING)

DOCTOR:

What will she do to him?

ISSAK:

That's none of your concern, Doctor. Leave him alone, now –

TOB:

... unless you want to be locked up with him?

DOCTOR:

I'm just saying, this man needs treatment, not punishment –

OFF, DUNGEON DOOR CREAKS. MAGS ENTERS.

MAGS:

Doctor!

ISSAK:

Lady Mags! This is no place for you –

MAGS:

Are you alright, Doctor? I heard that someone attacked you.

DOCTOR:

Yes. Doctor Barton here.

BARTON:

(WHIMPERING)

MAGS:

I don't understand. He's behaving like a wild animal, but he looks – human-like.

ISSAK:

He's a peasant. Not one drop of the true blood. Of course he doesn't change.

MAGS:

But why –

TOB:

Nobody knows. It just happens sometimes.

ISSAK:

It's been happening more and more.

DOCTOR:

And you're still not interested in finding out why?

ISSAK:

(TO MAGS) Do you allow your servant to interrupt his betters?

MAGS:

Can't seem to stop him. At least my Doctor's not a homicidal maniac.

ISSAK:

Barton's behaviour was an unforgivable breach of the code of hospitality.

MAGS:

Yes, that's one way of putting it.

ISSAK:

But I shall make it up to you. Tomorrow, you will see our House at its finest. And when you watch me lead the Hunt, remember – I shall be hunting for you.

TOB:

And so shall I.

MAGS:

Oh, for goodness' sake. Doctor – we need to talk.

DOCTOR:

Yes, I think we do. In the servants' quarters, perhaps.

ISSAK:

Should I escort you, Lady Mags?

MAGS:

No!

BARTON:

(WHIMPERS PLAINLY AS MAGS AND DOCTOR LEAVE)

ISAAK:

Stop whimpering, you.

SCENE 23: INT. CASTLE – SERVANTS' QUARTERS

DOCTOR:

(ENTERING) This was Barton's surgery. I mean, is.

MAGS:

It looks quite – modern.

DOCTOR:

Surprising, isn't it? Luckily, the man's a dab hand at dealing with werewolf bites. (BEGINS TO GATHER UP BITS AND PIECES, FILLING HIS POCKETS THROUGH...) I think I'll borrow a few supplies...

MAGS:

'Borrow' them into your pockets, I get it.

DOCTOR:

Are you still set on going to that festival tomorrow?

MAGS:

We did agree – one more day...

DOCTOR:

Yes. One more day.

MAGS:

Well, why not? You brought me here to show me a place where I could belong.

DOCTOR:

I did.

MAGS:

Since we've been here – I haven't felt the need to change. I mean, I *did* change – to protect you – but that was my decision. I didn't *have* to. I feel like I'm in control, for the first time – well, ever.

DOCTOR:

And you like being in control.

MAGS:

Doesn't everyone? (BEAT) Doctor, do you think I should stay here? Is that why we came?

DOCTOR:

I can't make that choice for you, Mags. Now – I'd like to take one more look at those moons...

MAGS:

Not again! (TO HERSELF) *Moons!*

SCENE 24: INT. CASTLE – DUNGEON

BOLTS SHOT BACK, DOOR CREAKS. ULLA ENTERS.

BARTON:

Lady Ulla! I beg you, have mercy.

ULLA:

Barton. Explain yourself.

BARTON:

I can't! It was a moment of madness. I don't know what came over me – please –

ULLA:

Is that the best excuse you can think of, peasant? (SIGH) Very well. In that case, I sentence you to –

BARTON:

No, wait! Please – may I speak to the Lord Jaks? Let me plead my case to him –

ULLA:

I am still matriarch here. Whatever you would say to Lord Jaks, you can say to me. (BEAT) Well, peasant?

BARTON:

(QUIETLY) Please...

ULLA:

Then we will see you at the Hunt. (CALLING) Jailer!

ULLA WALKS AWAY.

BARTON:

No! Please! Lady Ulla! Please!! (SOBS)

DOORS SLAMMED, BOLTS SHOT ETC.

SCENE 25: INT. CASTLE – MAGS' BEDROOM [NEXT DAY]

FADE UP. MAGS IS ASLEEP. BREATHING HEAVILY, DREAMING. ULLA ENTERS.

ULLA:

Good evening, my dear.

MAGS:

(WAKING UP WITH A START) Uh... Oh, it's you, Lady Ulla.

ULLA:

The chambermaid would have woken you, but I thought you'd prefer to see a familiar face.

MAGS:

How long have I been asleep?

ULLA:

It's almost twilight.

MAGS:

I've slept all day?

ULLA:

Naturally, dear. It's Moontide. I would have left you longer, but several packs of guests have arrived already and they're all very anxious to meet you. Will you be Changing now, or waiting for High Moon?

MAGS:

High Moon, I think?

ULLA:

Wonderful. Very traditional. My boys are looking forward to hunting with you. We'll see you for drinks and dancing in the Great Hall as soon as you're ready.

MAGS:

I haven't really brought –

ULLA:

I've left a selection of gowns in your dressing-room.

MAGS:

That's very kind of you.

ULLA:

I thought perhaps the red? But you must decide for yourself, of course.

MAGS:

Why don't I try them all on? Then we can decide together.

ULLA:

That sounds rather fun. You know, I always wanted a daughter...

FAINT — WOLVES HOWLING IN DISTANCE.

SCENE 26: INT. CASTLE – GREAT HALL

A PARTY. MUSIC, FOLKSY BUT LIVELY – GUITARS AND FIDDLES PERHAPS. BUZZ OF CHATTER, GIVING THE IMPRESSION OF AS MANY GUESTS AS POSSIBLE – IDEALLY, DOZENS!

GUESTS:

We should have good hunting tonight./
It's a clear night and the moons are at their brightest./
I've heard there's a lot of prey./
With all the trouble we've had from the peasants? I'm not surprised./
Have your peasants been misbehaving too?/
They have, it's really quite alarming. Lucky we've got the hunt to keep them in order./
The band are good, aren't they?/
Hope we start the Hunt soon, I'm starving. [ETC]

CHATTER BREAKS OFF WHEN...

ULLA:

(CLAPS HANDS FOR ATTENTION. ALOUD) Sisters, brothers and cousins of the Second Moon – and our friends from other houses – may I present Lady Mags.

MAGS:

Hello, everyone.

GUESTS:

(MURMUR OF APPROVAL)

SMATTERING OF APPLAUSE.

TOB:

Wow, you look amazing.

ISSAK:

(COUGHS) The moons will be jealous tonight. Lady Mags outshines them all.

JAKS:

How long have you been working on that line, brother?

ISSAK:

(WOLFISH GROWL) Shut up Jaks.

MAGS:

Where's the Doctor?

ISSAK:

Don't worry about him. The servants have their own, separate entertainment.

MAGS:

Maybe, but it's not like him to -

TOB:

Come on, Lady Mags! You said you'd dance with me first!

MAGS:

I don't remember -

ISSAK:

No, Lady Mags, we agreed, as I'm the eldest -

MAGS:

Not this again!

ISSAK:

Lady Mags -

TOB:

(SIMULTANEOUSLY) Lady Mags, please -

MAGS:

(SOMETHING OF THE AIR OF AN ANIMAL TRAINER) No! Down, boys! I'm no prize for you to fight over. One more word and nobody gets to dance.

JAKS:

I see the meat is tougher than it looks.

MAGS:

And another thing. I'm not a lady, so you can drop that. I'm just Mags. So if you think you like me, maybe you should get to know me, and find out who I really am. OK?

ISSAK:

Yes!

TOB:

Yes please, Lady - Just Mags.

MAGS:

So here's my offer. I'll dance with you. *All* of you. I'll teach you some moves I learned in the Psychic Circus - if you're up for that?

TOB:

I'm up for it!

ISSAK:

(QUICKLY) Yes please, Lady Mags!

MAGS:

(TEASING) How about you, Jaks? You want to throw a shape or two?

JAKS:

I try to avoid unnecessary physical exertion.

TOB:

(GROANS) Lame.

ISSAK:

You're an embarrassment to the whole house. Why don't you just stay in your room when we have company?

JAKS:

I tried, Mother wouldn't let me.

TOB:

Forget about the omega. Dance with us – Mags.

MAGS:

All right guys! Let's do this!

MAGS LAUNCHES HERSELF INTO AN ENERGETIC DANCE.

MUSIC AND DANCING – LIVELY FOLKY/COUNTRY NUMBER WITH FAST VIOLINS. CROSSFADE TO...

SCENE 27: **INT. CASTLE – GREAT HALL (LATER)**

MUSIC HAS CHANGED TO A MORE CHILLED-OUT VIBE. ALL ENERGISED FROM DANCING.

ISSAK:

You dance as well as you fight, Lady Mags.

MAGS:

(FLUSHED FROM DANCE, ENJOYING HERSELF) So do you! You boys can really move.

TOB:

It's a good warm-up for the hunt. Otherwise, the evening seems to last forever. (GLANCES AT CLOCK) Still an hour to go...

MAGS:

We're going out hunting in the middle of the night?

ISSAK:

When else?

ULLA CLAPS HANDS, MUSIC STOPS.

ULLA:

(ALoud) Sisters, brothers, cousins, friends, welcome to the Hunt of the Second Moon. The prey will be released at High Moon. If you wish to examine them first, the cages are in the front courtyard.

TOB:

Come on, let's get a sniff at 'em. This way, Mags.

MAGS:

Listen. I'm not sure about going hunting –

ISSAK:

Don't worry, Mags. You'll be a natural.

JAKS:

We've all seen your claws.

MAGS:

I don't want to be rude. I know it's your tradition, but –

ISSAK:

Without the Hunt, Vulpna would be overrun with vermin.

ULLA:

He's right. We need the Hunt to maintain order. Without it, our civilization would fall.

MAGS:

Why? I mean — (SUDDENLY GETTING A VERY BAD FEELING) — what are you hunting, anyway?

ULLA:

Come and see. Then, I hope, you will understand.

SCENE 28: EXT. CASTLE – FRONT COURTYARD

NIGHT. DISTANT WOLVES, OWLS ETC.

IMPRISONED PEASANTS ARE IN A CAGE. SOME WHIMPERING, CRYING ETC. ULLA, MAGS, ISSAK AND TOB WALK UP. SEEING THEM, PEASANTS START BEGGING FOR MERCY...

PREY:

Let me go!/
It wasn't me!/
I'm innocent! /
Have mercy!/
I didn't do it!/
Please, I'm sorry, let me go! [ETC]

MAGS:

(HORRIFIED, SUSPICIONS REALISED) They're people. You hunt people.

ULLA:

Not people. Vermin. Criminals. (YELLS AT CAGE) Silence, monsters! Save your energy for running.

CLAMOUR DIES DOWN.

MAGS:

(TO HERSELF) Did the Doctor know about this? Is that why he didn't show up tonight?

BARTON:

Please, Lady Ulla! I didn't mean to!

MAGS:

That's Doctor Barton. (TO BARTON) Why did you attack my friend?

BARTON:

I don't know! I was trying to help him – I cleaned his wounds and gave him medicine and then –

MAGS:

Then you just tried to kill him for no reason?

BARTON:

I can't explain it. I couldn't control myself. But I didn't hurt him.

ULLA:

Not for lack of trying.

BARTON:

I'm sorry! Please forgive me –

ISSAK:

That's enough whining, peasant. You shamed our house and you will be torn apart. I hope to do it myself.

TOB:

Not if I get there first.

MAGS:

You can't do this. I won't let you.

ULLA:

Mags, you're an honoured guest but you cannot interfere with our justice system.

MAGS:

This isn't justice! You heard him, he couldn't help himself! He's not a criminal, he's ill.

ULLA:

We have seen too much of such illness lately. (ALOUD, TO PREY) Who else among you "couldn't help themselves?"

PREY:

Me!/
I couldn't help it!/
I'm not well!/
I didn't mean to! [ETC]

ULLA:

You see? If we make an exception for one, we must make it for all.

MAGS:

Brilliant! Let them all go!

TOB:

We will. And after five minutes' head start, we will hunt them.

MAGS:

The Doctor told me this was an intelligent, sophisticated society.

ULLA:

So it is, dear. This is how we keep it that way.

MAGS:

By tearing people apart?

ULLA:

In the right way, at the right time. As ordered by the moons.

MAGS:

Jaks was right. You're all just slaves to the moons.

ULLA:

Nature isn't slavery. Our blood beats to the rhythms of our world. You've been away too long, Mags.

MAGS:

I thought you could control it. I thought you could help me beat the curse. But you can't, can you? You just throw a big party and call it tradition.

TOB:

It *is* tradition!

MAGS:

Not for me. I'm sorry. I've made a terrible mistake. (HEADS OFF)

ISSAK:

(REACHING OUT) Mags, don't go —

MAGS:

(GROWLS) Let go of me! (HE RELEASES HER) Don't you dare hurt those people. — Wait there, Barton. And the rest of you. I'll be back.

MAGS GOES.

ISSAK:

(CALLS AFTER HER) Please, Mags!

TOB:

Come back!

SCENE 29: INT. CASTLE – SERVANTS' QUARTERS

FADE UP. MAGS RUNS IN.

MAGS:

Doctor! – Doctor, where are you? Are you here? Is anyone here..?

JAKS:

(FROM BEHIND) Hello, Mags.

MAGS:

Jaks! You startled me. – Where is everyone?

JAKS:

The servants? They've all gone to watch the Hunt. There's a lot of competition for the best spots.

MAGS:

The Doctor won't be watching. He wouldn't let something like your Hunt happen. It's just an excuse for murder.

JAKS:

What did you think it was?

MAGS:

I don't know... (THINKS, SICKENED) Or maybe I did. Maybe I just didn't want to think about it.

JAKS:

Then you'll fit right in here. Nobody here likes to think about anything.

MAGS:

I'm not staying.

JAKS:

My brothers will be so disappointed.

MAGS:

Please, help me get away from here. I need to find the Doctor. Is there anywhere else in the castle he could be?

JAKS:

He's not in the castle.

MAGS:

How do you know?

JAKS:

I may be an omega who stinks at hunting, but I've got a good nose for danger, and your Doctor reeks of it. If he was anywhere near, I'd be able to smell him.

MAGS:

(IN DISMAY) So that's it. He's gone... (NOW GUTTED) He just – dumped me. Like a piece of space trash. (NOW ANGRY) Why didn't I see it coming?

JAKS:

This Doctor. (TRYING TO BE DELICATE) From your reaction, I would guess that he is... more than just your serf?

MAGS:

He's not a serf at all! Who even *has* serfs?

JAKS:

We do.

MAGS:

Apart from your stupid family! (BEAT) Sorry.

JAKS:

Don't be. At least we agree on something. My family are extremely stupid. But maybe your Doctor is, too.

MAGS:

(DISMAL) He's not, you know. He's depressingly brilliant.

JAKS:

I mean, he must be stupid to leave you. Did you have an argument or something?

MAGS:

Sort of. I just need to talk to him.

JAKS:

All right, let's go and find him.

MAGS:

He's probably just gone back to the TARDIS –

JAKS:

Is that your ship? The one that's parked on the other side of a forest crawling with poachers?

MAGS:

That's right, and I know you like to stay out of trouble.

JAKS:

And I told you, I've got a good nose for danger. Take me with you. You'll need me –

MAGS:

I don't need anyone –

JAKS:

Please? We can take my horse.

MAGS:

(BEAT) All right... Thank you, Jaks.

JAKS:

My pleasure.

SCENE 30: EXT. EDGE OF FOREST - NIGHT

FADE UP. DISTANT OWLS ETC. MAGS AND JAKS ON JAKS' HORSE.

MAGS:

Here! This is where we landed!

HORSE PULLS UP.

JAKS:

How could you land a ship in this tiny clearing?

MAGS:

It's a very small ship.

JAKS:

(SNIFFS) You're right. He was here. Recently.

MAGS:

And now he's gone. Taken the TARDIS and left. What am I going to do now?

WILD WOLF-HOWLS — POACHERS — NOT VERY FAR OFF.

JAKS:

Poachers. We should get back to the Castle. It's not safe here.

MAGS:

It's not safe there! They're about to start slaughtering people.

JAKS:

Not people. To my family, peasants are all just potential prey.

MAGS:

But you're different, right?

JAKS:

I try to be! For all the good it does me... Somebody has to see this festering society for what it is.

MAGS:

And what is it?

JAKS:

Doomed.

MAGS:

That's a bit dramatic.

JAKS:

It's a logical inevitability. A world run by a tiny, moribund elite that grows smaller every moontide. Science is unknown, even medicine is scorned. More than half the population is debased to the level of animals. How can we possibly defend ourselves against a serious incursion?

MAGS:

(CAGEY) The Doctor says Vulpana has always been left alone.

JAKS:

So far. But we're rich in mineral wealth and strategically placed near the centre of the galaxy. How long before hostile powers start taking an interest in our world?

MAGS:

(KNOWING THE TRUTH, EVASIVE) I suppose they might –

JAKS:

They *will*. Eventually. The danger is obvious. But my family refuse to accept it. They think the rest of the Galaxy are afraid of us. I think they're just waiting for the Four Great Houses to become so inbred and feeble that we lose control of our own planet. And then – we purebloods will become the hunted. Maybe genocide is no more than we deserve.

MAGS:

Nobody deserves genocide.

JAKS:

Said with conviction. Mags, I believe we have a stark choice. Genocide or revolution.

MAGS:

When you put it that way – shall we head back to the Castle?

JAKS:

Good plan. – Yaa!

JAKS SPURS HORSE. WHINNY. THEY HEAD AWAY AT SPEED.

SCENE 31: EXT. FOREST — TRACK (FEW MOMENTS LATER)

FADE UP. HORSE GALLOPING ACROSS STEREO FIELD, JUST OFF.

POACHER #1:

Look out. Purebloods approaching.

POACHER #2:

(SNIFFS) Only two of them? Where's the rest of the Hunt?

POACHER #1:

Who cares? Now WE are the Hunt.

POACHER #2:

Go on, just a few lengths further...

CROSS TO: JAKS AND MAGS ON HORSE.

MAGS:

You ride well, Jaks.

JAKS:

Ha! I was born to the saddle —

SUDDENLY — TRAP SNAPS AROUND HORSE'S LEG. HORSE NEIGHS, FALLS.

MAGS & JAKS:

(SIMULTANEOUSLY — THROWN) Wooahhh!!!

MAGS AND JAKS TUMBLE TO THE GROUND.

MAGS:

(GROANS) What just happened? Is the horse OK?

JAKS SCRABBLES TO HORSE.

JAKS:

Caught her leg in a poacher's trap.

HORSE WHINNIES IN PAIN.

MAGS:

First of all, we need to get that thing off her leg. Let me try with my jaws — (EFFORT, CHANGING)

POACHER APPROACHES FROM OFF.

POACHER #1:

Don't you try nothing, pureblood. (SNARLS)

MAGS:

Threaten ME, would you? (GROWLS)

POACHER #1:

(GROWLS — THEN GRABBED BY JAKS) Grrr- urk!

JAKS:

It's alright, I've got him.

2 x MORE POACHERS APPROACH FROM OFF.

POACHER #2:

You got *one* of us.

POACHER #3:

Tonight, we feast on horsemeat.

POACHER #2:

No. Better. We feast on pureblood.

MAGS:

Feast on this! (SNARLS, SWIPES AT POACHER)

POACHER #3:

(WHIMPERS, BEATEN)

MAGS:

That's right, crawl away. Anyone else feeling brave?

POACHER #2:

We don't have to be brave. Just patient.

JAKS:

(LOOKING AROUND) We're surrounded. Dozens of them.

POACHER #1:

We are many. You are just two.

MAGS:

Maybe. But if we're going down, we're taking plenty of you with us. Isn't that right, Jaks?

JAKS:

Nobody's going down. We are purebloods of the Second House. You mongrels will stand aside and let us pass.

POACHERS:

(LAUGH)

POACHER #2:

We know you, omega. The runt of the litter.

POACHER #3:

We don't fear you.

JAKS:

You will now.

JAKS TAKES SOMETHING FROM POCKET.

POACHER #1:

Wait, he's hiding something! In his pocket!

MAGS:

What is that...?

JAKS:

I'll explain later! (EFFORT AS...)

JAKS THROWS GRENADE. BRIEF WHINING SOUND.

MAGS:

You know, you sound just like... him.

LOUD BANG.

POACHERS:

(YELP IN TERROR)

THEY SCATTER.

JAKS:

Come on Mags –

MAGS:

The poor horse –

JAKS:

Sorry, we have to leave her. Now!

MAGS AND JAKS RUN OFF. CROSSFADE TO...

SCENE 32: EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

MAGS AND JAKS ON FOOT, RUNNING THROUGH FOREST.

MAGS:

(RUNNING) What was that – a bomb?

JAKS:

(RUNNING) A laser grenade. My own design. Not much firepower, but enough sound and fury to scare off primitives.

MAGS:

You design advanced weaponry in your spare time? You could have warned me.

JAKS:

My family don't approve. I thought you wouldn't either.

MAGS:

Are you kidding? I only wish you'd hooked me up with one of those bad boys.

JAKS:

A true Vulpanan scorns all weapons except teeth and claws.

MAGS:

Brilliant. Advantage, us. That's if you've got any more of those grenades.

JAKS:

A few.

MAGS:

Enough to stop the Hunt?

JAKS:

We can't. Stopping the hunt would be like –

MAGS:

... Like starting a revolution?

JAKS:

Yes.

MAGS:

You said it yourself. It's the only logical move. So – what's the quickest way back to the castle on foot?

JAKS:

If you're sure you want to do this –

MAGS:

I am.

JAKS:

There's an underground passage, from the forest to the Castle.

MAGS:

An escape route? Do the poachers know about this?

JAKS:

I hope not, I had it built.

MAGS:

You're full of surprises, aren't you?

JAKS:

I do my best.

THEY GO ON.

SCENE 33: EXT. CASTLE – FRONT COURTYARD

CAPTIVE "PREY" QUIETLY SOBBING, ETC. AT THE APPROACH OF ULLA AND GUESTS, THEY AGAIN START BEGGING:

PREY:

Please let me go./
I swear I didn't do it./
My family need me./
I'll do anything./
Please... (ETC)

ULLA:

Quiet.

BUT THEY CONTINUE:

PREY:

Take my children instead, they're younger and fitter!/
I'm too slow, I'll be poor sport! (ETC)

ULLA:

The next to speak will be torn apart on the spot!

PREY SHUT UP.

ULLA:

Good...

BELL RINGS.

ISSAK:

Mother, that's five minutes to High Moon.

ULLA:

Release the prey.

CAGE DOOR OPENED. PREY RUSH OUT, FIGHTING TO GET OUT FIRST:

PREY:

Out of my way!/
Let me go!/
Move! (ETC)

ISSAK:

Run, rabble, run. Faster!

ULLA:

That's right! Hide in ditches and hedgerows, in caves, up trees, wherever you can. Who knows – maybe some of you will escape us? There's a first time for everything.

SCENE 34: **EXT. GROUNDS OF CASTLE**

PANICKING PREY RUSH PAST JAKS AND MAGS.

PREY:

Out of my way!/
Look out, two of them!/
Run, run! Flee! (ETC)

JAKS:

They've released the Prey!

MAGS:

You mean they've let them go? (REALISES) No, of course you don't.

JAKS:

The quarry always get a head start. (IRONIC) It's only sporting.

MAGS:

(SCOFFS) Sporting! Come on. I've got a few bones to pick with your brothers...

SCENE 35: EXT. CASTLE – FRONT COURTYARD

TOB:

I can't believe Mags is missing this.

ISSAK:

She said she'd be back. Do you think she meant it?

ULLA:

Forget about her, boys. Focus on the night ahead. There are plenty of pedigree ladies here.

ISSAK:

You mean the usual crowd? The same old second, third and fourth cousins however many times removed. You said yourself, none of them are good enough for us.

ULLA:

Yes, I encouraged you to wait. For good reason. Our House needs new blood to survive. For a time, I thought Mags might be the answer. But what is the point of survival, if you sacrifice everything that gives life meaning?

TOB:

Love gives life meaning.

ULLA:

So find love with a well-bred huntress who understands our ways.

TOB:

Mother, you don't understand –

ULLA:

I'm not going to argue with you. It's almost High Moon.
(SWITCHING TO "PUBLIC ADDRESS" MODE) My Lords, Ladies and honoured guests – are you ready to change?

GUESTS:

(ENTHUSIASTIC) Yes!

ULLA:

Then let the Hunt of the Second Moon begin! Ten – nine –

GUESTS, TOB & ISSAK:

... eight, seven –

MAGS AND JAKS APPEAR, BLOCKING THE WAY.

MAGS:

Stop!

JAKS:

Yes, stop it!

ULLA:

What is this?

TOB:

(DEFIANTLY COUNTING) ... six, five – four –

MAGS:

Before you hunt anyone, you'll have to get past me.

JAKS:

And me.

ISSAK:

Omega! You think you can stop us?

TOB & GUESTS:

Three – two one – CHANGE!

MAGS:

Now, Jaks!!

EFFORT AS MAGS AND JAKS THROW LASER GRENADES, BOTH WHINING AS BEFORE. 2 x BANGS!

ULLA, ISSAK, TOB & GUESTS:

(SHOCKED REACTIONS)

MAGS:

(YELLS TO BENJAS AND GUESTS) Get back in the castle, or there's more where that came from.

TOB:

(LAUGHS) We're not peasants! Your noisy toys don't scare us!

ISSAK:

(TO JAKS) Seriously, Jaks? That was your plan?

ULLA:

Where is your wolf form? Boys, why haven't you changed?

TOB:

Why haven't you?

ISSAK:

Nobody's changed! Come on everyone, it's Moon Tide!

ULLA:

My honoured guests, I do apologise for the disruption caused by my son. Please continue to transform as usual.

MALE GUEST:

I can't!

FEMALE GUEST:

I can't either.

MAGS:

I don't understand. (TO JAKS) Why can't they change? Has this happened before?

JAKS:

Never. This is an entirely new development.

MALE GUEST:

We're stuck like this – at full moon!

ULLA:

Perhaps I mistimed it. If we try the countdown again –

FEMALE GUEST:

No! I need to hunt now!

ULLA:

I'm sure you do, but we must observe the correct protocol –

MALE GUEST:

Forget protocol!

FEMALE GUEST:

Kill her!

ULLA:

What?

MALE GUEST:

Kill... her? (SOFT GROWL – HUMAN, NOT WOLF)

ISSAK:

(SWIPES AT HIM) Leave my mother alone, you ill-mannered mongrel!

FEMALE GUEST:

Don't you call my husband a mongrel! (SNARLS, POUNCES ON ISSAK)

SIMILAR FIGHTS ARE BREAKING OUT AMONGST OTHER GUESTS.

ULLA:

Cousins! Honoured guests! Please! There is no reason to turn on each other –

MALE GUEST:

Kill her!! (FLINGS HIMSELF AT ULLA)

ULLA:

Aaargh!

BRAWLING CONTINUES AS MAGS AND JAKS TALK...

ULLA, ISSAK, TOB & MANY GUESTS:

(SCRAPPING TO END OF SCENE)

MAGS:

(TO JAKS) What's going on? Why are they fighting each other?

JAKS:

That's why the Hunt was devised in the first place. Without prey, Vulpanans will inevitably turn on their own kind.

MAGS:

But why? They're not even in wolf-form.

JAKS:

Yes, that's interesting. I always believed our species' bloodlust was linked to the lunar change. Seems I was mistaken.

MAGS:

This is terrible. They can't control – (SUDDEN GROWL) – control their aggression – (MORE SINISTER GROWL)

JAKS:

Mags, are you alright?

MAGS:

No! We must stop them – (GROWLS AGAIN) Before someone gets hurt – I WILL HURT YOU! –

JAKS:

Mags? Stop it, Mags! This isn't you!

MAGS:

You're wrong. This is me. This has always been me!!

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

REPRISE:

JAKS:

[...] I always believed our species' bloodlust was linked to the lunar change. Seems I was mistaken.

MAGS:

This is terrible. They can't control – (SUDDEN GROWL) – control their aggression – (MORE SINISTER GROWL)

JAKS:

Mags, are you alright?

MAGS:

No! We must stop them – (GROWLS AGAIN) Before someone gets hurt – I WILL HURT YOU! –

JAKS:

Mags? Stop it, Mags! This isn't you!

MAGS:

You're wrong. This is me. This has always been me!!

CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 36: EXT. CASTLE – FRONT COURTYARD [CONTINUOUS]

GUESTS:

(SNARLING AS BENJAS AND GUESTS, DESPITE HUMAN FORMS, FIGHT TO THE DEATH. CONTINUES THROUGHOUT, AS...)

MAGS:

(LEAPS AT JAKS' THROAT, SNARLING)

JAKS:

(STRUGGLING) Mags, no! I thought you were beginning to like me
—

MAGS:

You know nothing. Runt!

ISSAK:

Mags, let the omega go. He's mine.

TOB:

No, I'll kill him!

ISSAK:

I'll fight you for him!

MAGS:

I'll fight both of you!

SHE HURLS HERSELF AT THE BROTHERS.

MAGS:

I'll rip your limbs from your bodies!

JAKS:

I must confess, we've had better mannered guests.

SCENE 37: INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM

IN FLIGHT FX. BEEPING AS DOCTOR PROGRAMS CONSOLE.

DOCTOR:

(TO TARDIS) Preparing to materialise in orbit around Vulpana. And make sure you follow the exact route I've programmed this time.

INDIGNANT WHEEZE FROM TARDIS.

DOCTOR:

Of course I trust you! But I don't trust those moons. They look normal, but all four orbits are ever-so-slightly off. They're hiding something, and we need to find out what. – Materialising now...

CENTRAL COLUMN COMES TO HALT.

DOCTOR:

Engaging scanner...

SCANNER ON.

DOCTOR:

All looks normal enough... (SEES SOMETHING) No. Wait. There – do you see it? – Opening doors.

TRIES TO OPERATE DOOR CONTROL – 'NEGATIVE' BEEP.

DOCTOR:

Come on, old girl. I'll be perfectly safe. I just need to get a closer look at that thing.

TRIES TO OPERATE DOOR CONTROL AGAIN – 'NEGATIVE' BEEP.

DOCTOR:

(REALISATION) Ah! You're quite right, I've not generated the force field yet...

BIPS. HUM AS FORCE FIELD GENERATED.

DOCTOR:

Better? Now...

DOOR CONTROL. DOORS OPEN.

SCENE 38: EXT. CASTLE – FRONT COURTYARD

BATTLE CONTINUES BETWEEN BENJAS AND GUESTS.

MAGS:

(GROWLS) You will die! I will kill you all!

JAKS:

Mags, no. No. Look at me. *Look at me!*

DUB UNDER, FROM SCENE 1:

DOCTOR:

[...] *Look at me, Mags. Look. At. Me.*

JAKS' WORDS, MIRRORING THE DOCTOR'S, GET THROUGH TO MAGS. FOR A MOMENT, THE OLD MAGS RESURFACES:

MAGS:

(CONFUSED) Jaks... Why aren't you fighting?

JAKS:

Because I've learned to control it. And you can, too. Keep looking at me! That's right. You don't have to be like them.

MAGS:

(SNIFFING, TORTURED) The blood... so much blood...

JAKS:

I know, I know, but you don't have to add to it! You're better than that. So much better.

MAGS:

Must – fight –

JAKS:

Yes, fight! Fight the animal inside. I know it's hard, but you can win. I believe in you, Mags.

MAGS:

(SNIFFS) Need to – get away –

JAKS:

Good! That's right. We need to get out of the moonlight. Come with me...

SCENE 39: **EXT. SPACE – OUTSIDE TARDIS**

PROTECTED BY TARDIS' FORCE FIELD, THE DOCTOR IS STANDING BESIDE THE DOOR, STUDYING A MYSTERIOUS OBJECT..

DOCTOR:

(TO SELF) So that's the secret. It all makes sense now. Well, nearly all. The question is – who put this here? And why?
(BEAT. REALISES) And what was I thinking, leaving Mags down there?

SCENE 40: EXT. CASTLE — FRONT COURTYARD

FIGHT CONTINUES — NOW WITH WAILS OF WOUNDED AND DYING.

ULLA:

(FIERCE GROWL) Where are they? Let me through! Let me see my sons!

ISSAK:

(WEAK) Here, Mother.

TOB:

(WEAK) Over here.

ULLA:

Oh, my sons. What happened to you?

ISSAK:

Mags. She bit me.

ISSAK:

She bit me harder.

TOB:

She scratched me deeper with her claws.

ULLA:

Oh, my sons. My precious sons. Rest now. And do not be afraid. We will have vengeance for this night's work.

SCENE 41: INT. CASTLE — JAKS' QUARTERS

DOOR PUSHED OPEN.

JAKS:

In here, Mags.

AS THEY ENTER...

MAGS:

Where are we?

JAKS:

My private quarters. None of them will follow us here.

SHUTS DOOR BEHIND.

MAGS:

This is where you sleep? There are no windows.

JAKS:

I had them bricked up years ago. I wanted to block out every trace of moonlight. I think you understand why.

MAGS:

(REMEMBERS) To fight the animal inside.

JAKS:

The moons reduce us all to the level of beasts. We Vulpanans will never be at peace until we can withstand their influence. I was determined to set myself free.

MAGS:

Did it work?

JAKS:

No. Staying out of direct moonlight helps, but it doesn't eliminate the urge to change.

MAGS:

Of course. I knew that — I mean, I've travelled the Universe, and I still can't help myself —

JAKS:

But you can! Your mind is more powerful than you know. When everyone out there was consumed with bloodlust, you managed to walk away.

MAGS:

So did you.

JAKS:

I've been practising. Besides, the moon's forces have always been weak in me.

MAGS:

Well, you saved me anyway. Thank you.

JAKS:

You're welcome. And I didn't do much – only helped you stay true to your own nature. You're very strong, Mags.

MAGS:

(SHUDDERS) Violence isn't strength.

JAKS:

No, I mean, strong in a different way. Inner strength isn't valued much on Vulpana, but I appreciate it.

MAGS:

Me, too...

THEY'RE GETTING CLOSE.

MAGS:

So...

JAKS:

... So...?

MAGS:

... what do we do now?

JAKS:

(VERY CLOSE TO MAGS) What do you want to do?

MAGS:

I *think* we should stop your family and friends from murdering each other.

JAKS:

Oh, that. Yes, I suppose we should.

MAGS:

Any ideas? (HE DOESN'T RESPOND) For a start, we could try getting them out of direct moonlight. Or as many as we can.

JAKS:

(FONDLY) You never stop, do you? You really are a force of nature, Mags.

MAGS:

Unfortunately... yes.

JAKS:

And I admire it. But not all problems can be solved by leaping in head-first. Sometimes it's best to step back and plan a solution for the long term.

MAGS:

You've got one, have you?

JAKS:

I might have. With your help. (CLIMBS ONTO BED) There's something I need to show you... Come and join me on the bed?

MAGS:

(SLIGHTLY THROWN) The bed?

JAKS:

(IMPATIENT) Yes, climb on, get up here!

MAGS:

OK - (CLIMBS ON)

JAKS:

Now, look up -

MAGS:

You've got a very fancy ceiling.

JAKS:

See the double moon in the moulding?

MAGS:

(QUICK, PRACTICAL) I get you, you've got a secret hatch.

JAKS:

(ROBBED OF THUNDER) Controlled by my handprint. I bet you weren't expecting that!

MAGS:

No, I wasn't.

ELECTRONIC BLEEPING - JAKS USES HAND TO OPEN SECRET HATCH.

JAKS:

After you, Lady Mags.

SCENE 42: EXT. CASTLE – FRONT COURTYARD

FIGHTING, WAILS OF WOUNDED AND DYING CONTINUE. TARDIS MATERIALISES.

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING OUT OF TARDIS) Mags? Mags!

GUEST #1:

New blood!

GUEST #2:

Fresh prey!

DOCTOR:

Get back! Back! Lucky I brought my umbrella...

GUEST #2:

Give me that –

GUEST TEARS THE UMBRELLA TO BITS.

DOCTOR:

So much for that umbrella. In which case... lucky I've still got my sonic modulator. It's a versatile little gizmo.

HIGH-PITCHED WAIL FROM THE SONIC MODULATOR. YOWLS OF PAIN FROM GUESTS – THEIR WOLFISH HEARING CAN'T COPE WITH THE NOISE.

GUEST #1:

Aaargh!

GUEST #2:

My ears!

GUEST #1:

Ow ow ow ow ow!

THEY RETREAT, WHINING.

DOCTOR:

(TO SELF) Now to find Mags.

SCENE 43: INT. CASTLE — JAKS' SECRET LABORATORY

HUM OF INSTRUMENTS, BEEPING ETC.

JAKS:

Well, Mags? What do you think?

MAGS:

You've got a whole laboratory hidden away up here!

JAKS:

More than that. Look up.

MAGS:

Glass ceiling. It's an observatory, too!

JAKS:

It's been my secret for years, and now I'm sharing it with you.

SCENE 44: EXT. CASTLE – FRONT COURTYARD

DOCTOR MAKES HIS WAY ACROSS BATTLEFIELD, LOOKING FOR MAGS.
WAVING WHINING MODULATOR FOR PROTECTION.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING) Stay back! All of you! Or I'll make the frequency higher! – Mags? Mags?

ULLA:

(SLIGHT OFF – CALLS, WEAK) Doctor. Is that you?

DOCTOR:

Lady Ulla?

DOCTOR RUNS FEW STEPS TO WOUNDED ULLA.

DOCTOR:

You're hurt –

ULLA:

I'm dying. (SHUDDERS IN PAIN) Given the circumstances, is there any chance you could switch off that unpleasant noise? As you can see, I am no threat to you.

DOCTOR:

All right. I think your friends have learned to keep their distance.

SONIC WHINE STOPS.

ULLA:

Thank you.

DOCTOR:

What happened here?

ULLA:

We tried to change form for the Hunt. But we couldn't.

DOCTOR:

What stopped you?

ULLA:

I don't know. It has never happened before. Not until Mags brought you here. So – how did you do it?

DOCTOR:

We had nothing to do with this.

ULLA:

Really? It's something of a coincidence, don't you think? You and Mags arrived from off-world, bringing your strange scientific devices with you. She and my foolish son tried to disrupt the Hunt with some sort of alien missile – and suddenly, our own bodies turned against us.

DOCTOR:

(URGENT) And then what? Where's Mags?

ULLA:

(WEAK BUT MALEVOLENT) Ah, Mags... *Somebody* committed a crime against nature. But here on Vulpana, nature fights back. And Mags is Vulpanan through and through –

DOCTOR:

What have you done to her?

ULLA:

I didn't do anything. She did. She murdered them, Doctor. Both of them. My beautiful sons – Issak and Tob – she killed them.

DOCTOR:

No. No.

SCENE 45: INT. CASTLE – JAKS' SECRET LABORATORY

MAGS:

(WANDERING TOWARDS BANK OF CONTROLS) What's this control panel for, Jaks? It's massive -

JAKS:

(GENTLY GUIDING MAGS AWAY) It's too complex to explain. This laboratory contains the most advanced apparatus in the entire Galaxy! And my mother and brothers have no idea...

MAGS:

Yes, them. Shouldn't we be trying to save them -?

JAKS:

We can. By saving all of Vulpana.

MAGS:

How??

JAKS:

With the things all highborn Vulpanans despise. Medicine and science. For years, I've been learning all I can of the so-called peasant skills. Defying my roots and associating with astronomers, geologists, biologists, doctors -

MAGS:

Like Barton?

JAKS:

Yes, he was a particularly valuable collaborator. I will miss him. Thanks to his research, I believe I'm on the verge of discovering a permanent cure for our condition.

MAGS:

Our condition. You mean -

JAKS:

Lycanthropy, yes. I'm close to a major breakthrough - but I need your help. To be blunt - I need *you*.

MAGS:

Go on.

JAKS:

I have a few supporters in the Great Houses, but if the alphas knew what we were doing they would tear our throats out. I need more pureblood test subjects. Especially female ones. So Mags, if I could - (COUGHS) if I could have a sample of your blood?

MAGS:

That's all you want from me?

JAKS:

It's all I dare ask.

MAGS:

What would you say if you were braver?

JAKS:

If I, er, if I were, I would say – Mags, I –

MAGS:

... Yes? –

BARTON CLAMBERS IN. PANTING, EXHAUSTED, WOUNDED.

BARTON:

Lord Jaks, I – (SURPRISED) Oh. Lady Mags.

JAKS:

Barton?!

BARTON:

Forgive me for intruding –

MAGS:

Don't worry about it. I'm glad you escaped.

BARTON:

Thank you for stopping the Hunt. I owe you my life.

MAGS:

We didn't do anything. Not really. Glad you're OK, though –

JAKS:

What's happening outside?

BARTON:

Lord Jaks, I have terrible news. Your brothers are dead.

JAKS:

(HEAVY, NOBLE, BRAVE) I see. Thank you for telling me.

MAGS:

Jaks, I'm so sorry.

JAKS:

Don't be, Mags. It wasn't your fault.

MAGS:

I know, but... (SUDDENLY WORRIED) Are you sure? I can't really remember –

JAKS:

(INTERRUPTING) The madness overtook everyone. Whatever happened, you were not to blame.

MAGS:

But what –

JAKS:

(INTERRUPTING AGAIN) Barton, where is my mother?

BARTON:

She was badly wounded –

JAKS:

But she's alive?

BARTON:

Yes. I saw her talking to the Doctor.

MAGS:

The Doctor? *My* Doctor? He's back?

BARTON:

Yes, Lady Mags. He came looking for you.

MAGS:

I *knew* he wouldn't just dump me!

JAKS:

That's not what you said –

MAGS:

Whatever I said. I'm not going to abandon him! Right, come on.

JAKS:

Wait, where are you going?

MAGS:

(EXITING) We're going to save the Doctor. And your Mum. And then, with luck, this whole wretched planet!

JAKS:

Come along, Barton.

JAKS AND BARTON FOLLOW MAGS.

SCENE 46: **EXT. CASTLE – FRONT COURTYARD**

BATTLE IS WANING NOW. FEWER COMBATANTS REMAIN.

DOCTOR:

Lady Ulla. I'm very sorry about your sons.

ULLA:

Are you, Doctor? Do you know how it feels to lose a child?

DOCTOR:

(A BEAT) In all of space and time, every loss is unique.

ULLA:

But this one was your fault. (BEAT) I can read it in your eyes and smell it on your breath. If you had never come to Vulpana, my sons would be alive. At least, that is what you fear.

DOCTOR:

I don't know what happened. I can't believe that Mags... No.

ULLA:

(WEAK) Let me tell you a secret about Mags.

DOCTOR:

Yes?

ULLA:

(ALMOST WHISPERING, A DYING BREATH) Mags... is... not... (TRAILS OFF)

DOCTOR:

Not? Not what?

ULLA:

(RALLYING SLIGHTLY) Not... a killer.

SUDDENLY ALERT, ULLA GRABS SONIC MODULATOR.

ULLA:

Got it! – But I am! And you are a sentimental fool.

DOCTOR:

Give me back my sonic device. You don't know how to use it.

ULLA:

I don't need to. (TO SURVIVORS) Friends! Cousins! The alien Doctor is defenceless! Come and get him! His Off-World science can't hurt you now!

DOCTOR:

Oh, no.

SURVIVING GUESTS:

(APPROACH — MENACING HUMAN GROWLS, SURROUNDING DOCTOR)

SCENE 47: INT. CASTLE — CORRIDORS

JAKS AND BARTON CHASING MAGS.

JAKS:

Mags, stop!

BARTON:

You can't go out there without a plan!

MAGS:

(STOPPING) I've got a plan. Use myself as bait, tempt them away from the Doctor and lure them inside, away from the moonlight.

JAKS:

That's not a plan, it's a strategy for suicide.

MAGS:

Well unless you've got a better idea? (BEAT) No? See you on the other side, boys. (SETS OFF AGAIN)

BARTON:

(CALLING AFTER) Lady Mags!

JAKS:

No, Barton — wait.

BARTON:

Shouldn't we help her?

JAKS:

We will. Follow me. (RUNS BACK THE WAY HE CAME)

BARTON:

Where?

JAKS:

(OFF, CALLING BEHIND) To the battlements.

SCENE 48: EXT. CASTLE – FRONT COURTYARD

SURVIVING GUESTS:

(MENACING HUMAN GROWLS)

ULLA:

Don't be shy, cousins. The outsider may taste unusual, but flesh is flesh. Who's going to be first to sample it?

DOCTOR:

There's no need to rush. I'm definitely best left to mature.

ULLA:

(FULL STRENGTH NOW) Are you purebloods of Vulpana, or mongrel cowards? Attack!

SUDDENLY MAGS RUNS UP:

MAGS:

(GROWLS) Back off, mutts! This one's mine. (SNARLS)

DOCTOR:

Mags! What took you so long?

MAGS:

Excuse me, you were the one who ran off in the TARDIS –

DOCTOR:

That was a vital fact-finding mission.

MAGS:

Good! Maybe you can explain what's been going on around here.

DOCTOR:

Yes. But perhaps we should continue this conversation in the TARDIS?

MAGS:

Fine by me – where is it?

DOCTOR:

Just over there –

MAGS:

So only about twenty or so blood-crazed killers between us and it?

DOCTOR:

Maybe twenty-five?

SURVIVING GUESTS:

(GROWLING, CLOSING IN)

ULLA:

Don't let them get away! They must pay for their crimes!

MAGS:

Doctor – we'll never make it!

SCENE 49: EXT. CASTLE – BATTLEMENTS

JAKS AND BARTON RUN TO STOP.

BARTON:

We're too late! They're surrounded! Why didn't you let me follow Lady Mags, Sir?

JAKS:

(RATHER ANNOYED) I said I'd save her and I will. But not by blundering mindlessly into a melee. Which reminds me. (TO BARTON, SOTTO) How did my brothers die?

BARTON:

(A BEAT) Sir, I think you should speak to your mother.

JAKS:

I shall. But first, it's time to be a hero. (YELLS) Mags!

CROSS TO...

SCENE 50: EXT. CASTLE – FRONT COURTYARD [CONTINUOUS]

JAKS:

(OFF, FROM BATTLEMENTS) Mags! Look out!!

MAGS:

(LOOKS UP AND SEES HIM) Jaks!

DOCTOR:

What's that in his hand...?

WHINE OF THROWN GRENADE, DESCENDING FROM BATTLEMENTS.

MAGS:

Grenade! Doctor, get down!

LASER GRENADE HITS GROUND CLOSE BY – EXPLOSION.

SURVIVING GUESTS:

(SCREAMING, WHIMPERING) What was that?!/ Noise!/ Hurts!/ Fear!
(ETC)

DOCTOR:

That was no ordinary grenade!

MAGS:

Yeah, laser grenade. Made by Jaks.

DOCTOR:

Ah, the middle son. Friend of yours, is he?

MAGS:

None of your business! Let's just get to the TARDIS!

MAGS AND DOCTOR RUN. CROSS TO...

SCENE 51: **EXT. CASTLE – BATTLEMENTS [CONTINUOUS]**

BARTON:

They're getting away, sir!

JAKS:

What are they doing? They can't hope to hide in that box.

BARTON:

It's no box, sir...

JAKS:

What?

SCENE 52: INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM

INTERIOR HUM. BLEEPS AS DOCTOR PROGRAMS CONSOLE.

DOCTOR:

Entering co-ordinates, and –

TARDIS DEMATERIALISES. CENTRAL COLUMN RISES AND FALLS.

MAGS:

Doctor, we can't just leave! What about – (TRAILS OFF)

DOCTOR:

Who? Your friend who likes to make a big bang?

MAGS:

Not just him! Everyone on Vulpana needs our help. I know they tried to kill you, but –

DOCTOR:

Mags, if I took offence that easily, I'd have nobody left on my Christmas card list.

MAGS:

You have a Christmas card list?

DOCTOR:

It's a big deal when you're a time traveller. Can't even cross people off when they die. Lucky the TARDIS has infinite filing systems – What were we talking about?

MAGS:

Saving a planet!

DOCTOR:

So we were. Well, I finally worked out what the moons were trying to tell me.

MAGS:

Not your precious moons again.

DOCTOR:

No, *your* precious moons. You pure-bred Vulpanans evolved under the benevolent gaze of the Four Bright Sisters. Your blood moves with their tides. Basically, you're family.

MAGS:

I'm related to a big lump of rock?

DOCTOR:

They probably feel the same about lumps of meat. But still, you managed well enough for thousands of years, until – Ah. Here we are.

COLUMN STOPS. ARRIVAL BING.

MAGS:

Are you going to tell me where we are?

DOCTOR:

In orbit around your planet. Care to take a spacewalk?

TARDIS DOORS OPEN. CROSS TO...

SCENE 53: **EXT. SPACE [CONTINUOUS]**

DOCTOR:

(COMING TO DOOR) Don't worry, the force field's engaged. We're perfectly safe.

MAGS:

Whatever, *why* are we here?

DOCTOR:

To count the moons.

MAGS:

One, two, three, four – *what?*

DOCTOR:

Keep counting.

MAGS:

Five. A fifth moon – but why have I never seen it before?

DOCTOR:

It's a dark moon. Fitted with light-absorbent panels to shield itself from the planet's surface. It follows an erratic orbit. Likes to hide behind the other moons. Waits for a convenient eclipse, then ducks and dives to find a new cover.

MAGS:

That's impossible. Moons don't behave like that.

DOCTOR:

Natural moons don't.

MAGS:

So this is a fake?

DOCTOR:

Not a fake. It does the job of a moon all right. But it is artificial. Designed to disrupt the lives of everyone living on Vulpana.

MAGS:

Their blood moves with the tides –

DOCTOR:

In a perfectly evolved pattern. Mess with it at your peril.

MAGS:

So it was that thing that made everyone go crazy at the Hunt?

DOCTOR:

That's my theory. Want to see me prove it?

MAGS:

The Vulpanans will.

DOCTOR:

Then I suppose we'd better go back down there.

SCENE 54: INT. CASTLE – ENTRANCE HALL

FADE UP. TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOOR OPENS. DOCTOR AND MAGS STEP OUT.

MAGS:
(VOICE RINGING IN EMPTY CASTLE) Hello?

DOCTOR:
(CLOSING DOOR) Anyone home?

JAKS AND BARTON COME RUNNING.

JAKS:
Mags! Doctor! You came back!

MAGS:
Hey, Jaks. Barton!

BARTON:
The box that appears and disappears. Is it – science?

JAKS:
Of course it's science.

DOCTOR:
Correct! And for my next trick –

BEEPS AS DOCTOR PRESSES BUTTONS ON SMALL HAND-HELD DEVICE.

JAKS:
What's that?

DOCTOR:
Just a TARDIS remote.

TARDIS DEMATERIALISES.

BARTON:
Amazing!

JAKS:
The limitless possibilities of science..

BARTON:
Where's it going?

DOCTOR:
Back into orbit. To disrupt the disruptor. I've programmed it to permanently eclipse the fifth moon.

JAKS:

The fifth moon.

DOCTOR:

I'll explain later. But first, we should check on your friends.
Follow me!

MAGS:

(CHIVVYING JAKS AND BARTON) You heard him, come on!

ALL HEAD OUTSIDE.

SCENE 55: EXT. CASTLE – COURTYARD [MOMENTS LATER]

FADE UP.

SURVIVING GUESTS:

(SOBBING, WHIMPERING, LICKING WOUNDS)

DOCTOR AND MAGS RUN IN, TO STOP.

MAGS:

Come on out, Jaks. It's OK. (SAD – TWINGE OF GUILT) There's nothing here that can hurt you.

JAKS AND BARTON WALK UP TO THEM.

JAKS:

I'm not afraid. Just cautious... (LOOKING AROUND) You were right, Doctor. It's over. The Houses of Vulpana are in your debt.

MAGS:

(BLEAK) What's left of them. This is a massacre.

BARTON:

The frenzy is over. We must tend to the survivors.

DOCTOR:

Exactly, Barton. Good man... Good Doctor.

MAGS:

How can they live with what they've done?

LISTENING TO SAD, LOW MOANING OF WOUNDED VULPANANS.

DOCTOR:

We need a triage system. Barton, make a list of those most likely to survive –

JAKS:

(INTERRUPTING, NOT-SO-SUBTLY CHALLENGING DOCTOR'S AUTHORITY) Yes, and treat their wounds first.

MAGS:

Jaks. What about your mum?

JAKS:

(BEAT) Yes, of course, we must find my mother.

DOCTOR:

She's over there. Come on.

CROSS TO...

SCENE 56: EXT. CASTLE – COURTYARD [SHORT DISTANCE AWAY]

BARTON, JAKS, MAGS AND DOCTOR RUN UP.

JAKS:
Mother!

ULLA:
Jaks! What just happened? I – I can't remember a thing.

JAKS:
You were gripped by madness. Everyone was. But it's all over now.

ULLA:
Where's Issak? And Tob?

JAKS:
Mother, I'm so sorry.

ULLA:
Both of them? My beautiful boys.

DOCTOR:
(GENTLE, BUT SUSPICIOUS) You *really* don't remember?

ULLA:
Not a thing.

JAKS:
You've still got me. I know I'm the runt of the litter, but –

ULLA:
You're my son. My precious son. You are now the future of our pack.

JAKS:
Mother...

MAGS:
(SOTTO, TO DOCTOR) Should we –

DOCTOR:
Yes.

FOLLOW MAGS AND DOCTOR ASIDE.

MAGS:
Is it over? Will they be all right now?

DOCTOR:

Of course not. As soon as the TARDIS moves out of orbit, it'll happen again.

MAGS:

So we need to fix the fifth moon permanently.

DOCTOR:

Even more importantly, we need to find out who put it there.

MAGS:

And stop them doing it again. (RUNS BACK TO JAKS) Jaks!

DOCTOR:

Mags –

CROSS BACK TO BESIDE ULLA.

MAGS:

(ARRIVING) We have to find out who built that moon. You told me you were worried about other planets trying to invade Vulpana –

JAKS:

I said it was a danger, yes –

MAGS:

So which planets are the biggest threat?

JAKS:

I wasn't thinking of anywhere in particular –

MAGS:

OK, let's make a list of the likeliest suspects. We can check them out one by one.

JAKS:

The galaxy is vast. It's an almost impossible task.

MAGS:

Impossible tasks are what we do. Isn't that right, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid this particular task won't be much of a challenge.

JAKS:

You're very confident.

MAGS:

He told me he once stopped six different alien incursions between breakfast and elevenses.

DOCTOR:

Invading armies are easy. You know exactly what you're dealing with.

MAGS:

You see? With the Doctor on your side, Vulpana is protected –

DOCTOR:

Mags. I think your new friend has something to tell you.

MAGS:

Jaks?

JAKS:

We'll talk in my laboratory. You too, Doctor.

JAKS HEADS OFF. DOCTOR AND MAGS FOLLOW.

BARTON:

Lady Ulla, may I have your permission to examine your wounds?

ULLA:

Get away from me, physician.

BARTON:

But I can help you! Jaks and I have made great advances in medicine –

ULLA:

Can you turn back time and erase the shame of this day? No. Then your science is of no interest to me.

BARTON:

Well, it should be.

ULLA:

How dare you, peasant?

BARTON:

Transformation has always been the lifeblood of this planet. But now there is a new type of change in the air. Science and technology will revolutionize Vulpana.

ULLA:

Wait until next Moontide. You will be hunted down and tortured for your heresy.

BARTON:

You already tried that. I'm not your prey any more. I'm a doctor and a man of science – and I am the future of Vulpana.

ULLA:

Such a future is worse than no future at all.

BARTON:

But it's coming. Nobody can stop the moons from turning – not even the matriarch of the Second House.

SCENE 57: INT. CASTLE – JAKS' SECRET LABORATORY

HUM OF JAKS' INSTRUMENTS MONITORING FIFTH MOON.

DOCTOR:

Nice décor, Jaks. Very retro-futuristic. Very mad scientist.

MAGS:

Doctor, Jaks isn't mad.

JAKS:

But I am a scientist. I make no apology for that.

DOCTOR:

Of course you don't. Are you going to tell Mags, or shall I?

MAGS:

Tell me what?

JAKS:

Mags. Everything I did was for Vulpana. For us.

MAGS:

(PENNY FINALLY DROPS) It was you. You built the fifth moon.

JAKS:

Not alone, of course. I had a group of loyal associates – mostly peasants, but I did recruit a few runts and omegas from the Great Houses. Their funding allowed me to buy in some offworld help. Our Dark Sister was constructed in orbit and launched during a triple eclipse. Quite an achievement, don't you think, for a lowly primitive planet?

MAGS:

But *why*?

JAKS:

(PASSIONATE) Mags, you *know* why! That's why you came to Vulpana! I was trying to free us from the curse of the Moons! The four Bright Sisters are prison wardens. They debase us and stop us from taking our rightful place in the universe. Imagine what we could become, if we could only escape their influence!

DOCTOR:

I suppose you've been experimenting with this thing for some time?

JAKS:

Correct. We've been trialling different orbital paths.

DOCTOR:

It was monstrously irresponsible! A moon isn't a piece of spaghetti! You can't just throw it at the wall and see if it sticks!

JAKS:

Spaghetti?

MAGS:

Never mind. The point is, you just built this thing and flung it into orbit without knowing what it was going to do?

JAKS:

We extrapolated all available data and made detailed projections.

DOCTOR:

And how did that pan out?

JAKS:

(ADMITS) Not well.

MAGS:

(SARCASTIC) Oh, really? You got some results you hadn't bargained for?

JAKS:

We discovered that the lunar disruption also affected the local peasant population. They couldn't transform, of course, but they did experience bouts of – unpredictability.

MAGS:

So that's why Barton attacked the Doctor.

JAKS:

Some collateral damage is inevitable in the early stages. But once we've perfected the cure, we can work on eliminating unwanted side effects. We can build a new, peaceful Vulpana. Don't you want to see that, Mags?

MAGS:

I don't know. I wish I'd never come here.

JAKS:

Don't say that. I'm sorry if I misled you. Now you know the truth, I hope you understand that I meant it all for the best.

MAGS:

Your fake moon killed hundreds of people! Including your own brothers.

JAKS:

That was an accident. Although, it could be said, a happy one.

MAGS:

Happy?!

JAKS:

My brothers and I never did get along. Now they are gone, I am the heir to Castle Benja. The first House of the Second Moon. As so many alphas have died from the other Great Houses, there will be no rivals for my glory. My wife will be the First Lady of Vulpana.

MAGS:

Your wife...?

JAKS:

Of course, I cannot rule without an alpha female by my side.

MAGS:

Good luck finding one of those – (REALISES) Oh no, seriously?

JAKS:

Mags –

MAGS:

Get away from me! Come on Doctor, we're leaving.

JAKS:

I'm afraid I can't let you do that.

JAKS WHISTLES. HIS RESEARCHERS (COLL AND BRINN) RUN IN.

MAGS:

Of course. Every mad scientist has evil henchmen.

COLL:

We're not henchmen, we're research assistants.

DOCTOR:

Armed with laser pistols, I see.

JAKS:

Of course. This is the start of a new age for Vulpana. A modern, civilized era. Coll, Brinn – throw that man into our deepest dungeon. And put a guard on that wooden box.

COLL:

(TO DOCTOR) Let's go, sir.

BRINN:

Don't make me prod you with my pistol.

DOCTOR:

Yes, I'm going. Mags.

MAGS:

(DESPERATE) Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Don't do anything stupid now.

COLL:

Move!

COLL AND BRINN ESCORT DOCTOR AWAY.

MAGS:

(TO JAKS, WITH LOATHING) I could tear out your windpipe without breaking a sweat. But I suppose you've got other "research assistants".

JAKS:

Mags, I am now the highest ranking noble in Vulpana. You'd be foolish to go against my wishes. In any way.

MAGS:

You can't make me marry you. I won't do it.

JAKS:

That's a pity. It means I'll have to kill both you and the Doctor. Whereas if you promised to stay with me, perhaps I could let him go free – with you as guarantor for his good behavior.

MAGS:

Then I'd be your hostage, not your wife.

JAKS:

Females are good at multi-tasking.

MAGS:

But why me? Now you're such a big shot, surely someone will marry you without being press-ganged into it?

JAKS:

I know every high-born she-wolf on this planet. They guard the old traditions more fiercely than any male. You should hear the way they snap and sneer at omegas.

MAGS:

So the mighty new Lord of Vulpana is scared that girls will laugh at him.

JAKS:

This is a new beginning for all of us. I need an equal by my side. A pureblood, of course – but somebody who will help with my research – and who understands its importance.

MAGS:

(DRY) You make it sound so romantic.

JAKS:

Just say yes, Mags. You can save the Doctor, cure your inner werewolf – yes, I said it – and help me build a new and glorious Vulpana. Don't you want to do all that?

MAGS:

Well, if you put it that way – I guess – (RELUCTANT) I do.

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

(NO REPRISE)

SCENE 58: INT. CASTLE – GREAT HALL

BUZZ OF CONVERSATION AS HIGH-BORN VULPANANS FILL HALL.

NOBLES:

Sorry to hear about your Alpha./
Thank you Cousin./
I am sorry for your losses too./
We have all suffered./
We have all committed terrible crimes against each other./
How could this happen?/
We must find the cause./
Did we bring this curse on ourselves?/
Were the peasants responsible?/
Could some Off-worlders have caused us to turn on each other?/
Surely nobody has such power./
Did the moons themselves cause this? (ETC)

THROUGH ABOVE, ULLA WALKS TO STOP.

ULLA:

(CLEARS THROAT; ALOUD) Sisters. Brothers. Cousins. Friends.

NOBLES FALL SILENT.

ULLA:

Those of all packs, of all the houses of the Moons – we welcome you to Castle Benja. All of us are still trying to come to terms with recent devastating events. In these unprecedented times, we look to strong leadership to heal our society. I call on Jaks, my one surviving son, to bring us together and show us the way forward.

RESPECTFUL APPLAUSE AS JAKS TAKES STAGE.

JAKS:

My fellow purebloods. I have no words to express the depth of my sorrow for the losses that have affected all our houses. It has always been said that we Vulpanans have but one stage in our grieving process. That stage is known as revenge.

NOBLE:

(SHOUTS FROM CROWD) Revenge!

CROWD:

(SHOUTING) Revenge!

JAKS:

I hear you, brothers and sisters! But how can we avenge this? We are both the victims and the aggressors. We are all guilty.

CROWD:

(MURMURS OF DISQUIET)

JAKS:

Guilty by our very nature. For too long, we have prized strength and aggression above all other qualities. We have made no efforts to resist the urge to turn into mindless beasts. And we have paid the price. We have no friends. No trading or diplomatic links with other planets. Now, we have lost the brightest and best of our generation. Brothers and sisters, we have a choice to make. Do we continue to sacrifice everything on the altar of tradition – or do we change our ways for the better?

NOBLE:

(SHOUTS) What do you mean, change?

CROWD:

Yes, what do you mean?/ Explain yourself! (ETC)

JAKS:

I call for an end to violence and bloodshed. The House of the Second Moon will hunt no more. And I call upon you of the First, Third and Fourth houses to follow my lead. Let us show the Galaxy that Vulpana is fit to take its place in the modern world.

NOBLE:

(HECKLING) Who cares about the modern world?

JAKS:

Let me show you someone who does. (SOTTO) Mags.

MAGS STEPS IN FROM OFF.

MAGS:

(POLITE, RELUCTANT, TO CROWD) Hello.

JAKS:

This is Lady Mags. As you see, she is a pure-bred Vulpanan, yet she has travelled extensively Off-World.

NOBLE:

(HECKLING) Outsider!

CROWD:

(ANGRY MUTTERING)

JAKS:

(RAISES VOICE TO SILENCE CROWD) Yes, an outsider! But she's also one of us. And we can learn from her. Yesterday, when the rest of you were slaying your nearest and dearest, we walked away from the fight.

CROWD:

Did they?/ Yes, they did./ Is it true? (ETC)

ULLA:

It's true. My son and Lady Mags were the only purebloods able to resist the madness.

JAKS:

Yes. And it was Lady Mags and her servant who managed to put an end to the bloodshed. One good thing came out of that terrible day. I am delighted to announce that Lady Mags and I are to be married tomorrow.

ULLA:

Wonderful news! A Royal Wedding!

ULLA APPLAUDS. AFTER A MOMENT, CROWD JOIN IN.

MAGS:

(SOTTO, TO JAKS) *Tomorrow?*

JAKS:

(SOTTO, TO MAGS) It's all been arranged. (TO CROWD) I inherited my position under tragic circumstances. But I hope I have also proved my worth. I have shown that even an omega can win the hardest battle of all – and defeat his own animal side. And if I can do it, so can all of you.

NOBLE:

(HECKLING) We can't change who we are!

JAKS:

We can – and we must. We must evolve or face extinction. Lady Mags has shown me the potential of Off-World technology. I believe that we can use it for the good of Vulpana. I will work tirelessly to ensure that tragedies such as yesterday's will never happen again. With Lady Mags at my side, I will lead us to a future of peace, friendship and hope. Isn't that right, my darling?

MAGS:

(RESIGNED) Peace, friendship and hope.

ULLA:

Well said. Well said.

AGAIN, ULLA LEADS APPLAUSE.

ULLA:

(TO MAGS) My dear, the nobles adore you! I always knew they would.

MAGS:

(SOTTO, TO JAKS) I could tell them the truth, you know.

JAKS:

(SOTTO, TO MAGS) Really? With your Doctor still locked in our dungeon? (BEAT) That's right. Just keep smiling and waving...

CROWD CONTINUE TO APPLAUD. FADE.

SCENE 59: INT. CASTLE – DUNGEON

FADE UP. LOCKS TURNED, BOLTS SLID BACK. DOOR OPENS. JAKS ENTERS.

JAKS:

(WALKING UP) Doctor. Sorry about the lack of windows. And the thick iron bars. It's all rather barbaric. But we'll soon arrange some more modern accommodation.

DOCTOR:

I thought you were letting me go?

JAKS:

That's up to you.

DOCTOR:

Marvellous, I'll be off then.

JAKS:

Amusing. No, Doctor, you'll have to earn your freedom.

DOCTOR:

Let me guess. You want me to help you control that ridiculous fake moon of yours.

JAKS:

First of all, I want you to show me how to use this item, confiscated by my guards. (PRODUCES TARDIS REMOTE CONTROL) A "TARDIS remote", I think you called it? You used it to eclipse my satellite and ruin my experiment.

DOCTOR:

So I did, and I called you monstrously irresponsible. My apologies, I take that back.

JAKS:

Thank you, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

You weren't irresponsible. You suspected – no, I think you *knew* what the moon would do to your people. And that's just what you wanted.

JAKS:

Ridiculous.

DOCTOR:

You set your rivals on each other and watched them fight to the death. Knowing that you could have stopped it at any time.

JAKS:

But *you* stopped it, Doctor. With this little gadget. Show me how it works!

DOCTOR:

I could, but it wouldn't help you. The controls are isomorphic, only time travellers can use them.

JAKS:

Don't make fun of me, Doctor. I may live on a primitive planet, but I am a man of science. Even I know time travel is impossible.

DOCTOR:

Ah, you got me. There's no fooling you, is there?

JAKS:

No. Now, show me how to use this device.

DOCTOR:

(CALM) I'm not going to do that.

JAKS:

You will, for Mags. Her life is in my hands.

DOCTOR:

(LAUGHS)

JAKS:

What? What's so funny?

DOCTOR:

You! You really think you can take on Mags? You're no threat to her. The only danger to Mags is Mags. And the worst thing I could do to her is give you back control of that moon.

JAKS:

If you don't do it, I – I'll kill you.

DOCTOR:

And lose the one bargaining chip you have with Mags?

JAKS:

Mags will do whatever I tell her to.

DOCTOR:

We both know that's not true.

SCENE 60: INT. CASTLE – MAGS' QUARTERS

ULLA ENTERS.

ULLA:

Hello? Mags, dear?

MAGS:

Lady Ulla. Come to help me choose a gown?

ULLA:

Of course, if I can help in any way –

MAGS:

You can get me past the guards and out of here!

ULLA:

I'm not surprised you're nervous. It's all been very sudden –

MAGS:

I'm nervous because I'm a prisoner, I'm being blackmailed into marriage and my husband-to-be is covering up the massacre he made happen.

ULLA:

Ah. That.

MAGS:

You knew? You knew Jaks caused everyone to turn on each other at the hunt?

ULLA:

I had my suspicions. How did he do it?

MAGS:

He changed the orbits of the moons –

ULLA:

Clever. He was always too clever for a male. But a victory is a victory, however it's achieved.

MAGS:

(SHOCKED) Lady Ulla, he killed your other two sons!

ULLA:

No. I did that.

MAGS:

What?

SCENE 61: INT. CASTLE – DUNGEON

DOCTOR:

Listen, Jaks. I'll make a deal with you. Let me destroy that botched experiment of yours and put the technology beyond use. In return, Mags and I will leave and you'll never see us again.

JAKS:

That's not a deal! What would I get out of it?

DOCTOR:

You'd be saved from some of the consequences of your actions. Given what you've done, it's a very generous offer.

JAKS:

Here's my counter-offer. Give me back control of my moon and help me with my experiments. You'd be helping Mags, too. You know she wants to find a cure for our condition.

DOCTOR:

What Mags wants and what she needs are two different things. And neither of them involve you.

JAKS:

I can give her everything she's always wanted.

DOCTOR:

You have nothing to offer her. You may be king of the castle now, but deep down you'll always be the runt of the litter.

JAKS:

You dare— [call me]

DOCTOR:

... Not because of your size, or your strength, but because you let your brothers define you. — By the way, does Mags know that you deliberately let them die?

JAKS:

(A BEAT) Enjoy my dungeon, Doctor. (AS HE EXITS) I'll see you after the wedding. Maybe.

DOOR SLAMS, BOLTS CLOSE.

SCENE 62: INT. CASTLE – MAGS' QUARTERS**MAGS:**

You killed Issak and Tob?! (GROWLS, BEGINNING TO CHANGE)

ULLA:

Put those claws away, dear. It's the Doctor who will suffer if you misbehave.

MAGS:

(INTENSE, ALMOST HISSING) *They were your children.*

ULLA:

They would never have made it. They were too severely wounded. No, not by you. Don't flatter yourself. You barely scratched them. But alphas from other houses attacked, and – well, I couldn't let the honour of the kill go to another pack. You'll understand when you're a mother.

MAGS:

(DEFINITE, VERY HUMAN NOW) I never will.

ULLA:

Listen, dear. Neither of us wanted it to happen this way. But after the ceremony tomorrow, you'll be the first lady of Vulpana.

MAGS:

If I go through with it.

ULLA:

You must. Or you'll have me to deal with. (FIERCE) After everything I've been through, I will not allow you to destroy my final remaining shred of happiness. Our future depends on you now. So you will do your duty by this House, and by Vulpana.

DOOR. JAKS ENTERS.

JAKS:

Mother! What are you doing here?

ULLA:

Just having a little female-to-female chat with my future daughter-in-law.

JAKS:

You'll have plenty of time to do that after the wedding, Mother. We'll see you at the ceremony. *Tomorrow.*

ULLA:

Very well. (AS SHE EXITS) Remember, Mags. Don't let me down.

DOOR SHUTS.

JAKS:

I'm sorry about that. I hope Mother hasn't upset you.

MAGS:

Oh, *she* hasn't.

JAKS:

Mags. You do realise, despite everything – I do really care about you?

MAGS:

A very important thing in a forced marriage.

JAKS:

I'd been making my plans for years. Taking things slowly, altering the orbital patterns a little at a time. Then you came along and changed everything. I couldn't let you fall for one of my brothers. So I had to make my move –

MAGS:

So all of this is *my* fault? You murdered all those people for *me*?

JAKS:

I've never killed anyone. The hunters died because they couldn't conquer their own inherent brutality.

MAGS:

And what if I can't? Will you kill me, too?

JAKS:

Never. I promise. I keep telling you, you're different –

MAGS:

(UPSET) I'm not, you know. I came here because I can't control my wolf side. I can never be what you want me to be.

JAKS:

You can. You *are*. Mags, I promise, whatever happens, we'll get through this together. I know I'm probably not what you were hoping for in a mate, but you're more than I ever dreamed of.

MAGS:

Here's a tip for your next proposal. Lead with that. Rather than "I'll kill you and your best friend."

JAKS:

I'm hardly the first of my House to obtain a bride by conquest.

MAGS:

Oh, so it's traditional!

JAKS:

Please, Mags. How can I prove myself to you?

MAGS:

Let me see the Doctor.

JAKS:

On the honour of my House. *After* the ceremony.

MAGS:

(SEEMINGLY UPSET) You've killed him, haven't you? He's dead and it's all my fault –

JAKS:

No, no! I promise. He's safe –

MAGS:

Don't touch me.

JAKS:

You're upset. I just want to comfort you.

MAGS:

(WEEPING) If you want to comfort me, show me the Doctor.

JAKS:

All right, all right! Now can I hug you?

MAGS:

(SEEMINGLY MEEK, TEARFUL) Yes...

JAKS HUGS MAGS. WE DON'T REALISE, BUT MAGS IS BUSILY PICKING HIS POCKET AND TAKING TARDIS REMOTE.

JAKS:

My beautiful Mags. I'm sorry about all the unpleasantness. But it'll be worth it, you'll see. We'll be so happy together...

MAGS:

Really?

JAKS:

Really.

SCENE 63: INT. CASTLE – DUNGEON

DOCTOR:

(TALKING TO ANCIENT CORPSE) You there. Corpse in the gibbet. What's the food like in here? Scarce, by the looks of you. (BEAT) Funny, I've never actually starved to death in a dungeon. But there's a first time for everything.

LOCKS TURNED, BOLTS SLID BACK. DOOR OPENS. JAKS AND MAGS ENTER.

MAGS:

Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Mags! I see you've brought your chew toy.

JAKS:

(TO MAGS) There you are, you see. He's alive, well and insulting people.

DOCTOR:

Not people, just you.

MAGS:

(MOVING TOWARDS DOCTOR) Doctor, are you OK?

JAKS:

That's close enough. No touching.

MAGS:

How do I know it's really him? You could be tricking me, it could be a hologram or something –

JAKS:

Mags, don't be ridiculous –

MAGS:

You built a fake moon! You're capable of anything.

JAKS:

All right. One handshake. Will that be enough?

MAGS:

More than enough.

DOCTOR:

Mags.

MAGS:

Doctor.

THEY SHAKE HANDS: UNSEEN BY JAKS, MAGS PASSES TARDIS REMOTE.

JAKS:

There. I kept my word. Your friend is well. Can we go now?

UNDER BELOW – TARDIS BEGINS TO MATERIALISE.

MAGS:

Oh, we're going. Don't worry about that.

JAKS:

What's that noise... (AS TARDIS SOLIDIFIES) Your blue box!
(SEARCHING HIS POCKETS) But I had the remote –

DOCTOR:

You *had* the remote. Now I do. Thanks, Mags.

JAKS:

(REALISES) Mags, you took it from my pocket.

MAGS:

Like I'd let you hug me for any other reason.

JAKS:

But how did you know –

MAGS:

Even an amateur villain gets his guards to search his prisoners before locking them up. And I knew you'd keep hold of something this valuable. OK, Doctor, time to go –

DOCTOR:

Indeed.

JAKS:

No! (LUNGING FOR DOCTOR) I'll kill you!

DOCTOR:

(GRABBED) Ahh!

MAGS FIGHTS JAKS OFF.

MAGS:

(STRUGGLING WITH JAKS) No you won't.

JAKS:

Get off me, Mags!

MAGS:

Quickly, Doctor! Get in the TARDIS while I hold him down!

JAKS:

Guards! Guards! (BEAT) Coll and Brinn!

DOCTOR:

Thank you, Mags. You've been everything I could wish for in a travelling companion. And – I'm sorry.

MAGS:

Doctor?

TARDIS DOOR CLOSES.

MAGS:

Doctor! Wait for me!

TARDIS DEMATERIALISES.

MAGS:

(CAN'T QUITE BELIEVE IT) He didn't wait for me...

COLL AND BRINN ARRIVE.

COLL:

Sir?

BRINN:

We're here, Sir.

JAKS:

(SNAPS) Too late. (GUTTED) Mags, how could you? I thought you cared for me.

MAGS:

I kept telling you I didn't.

JAKS:

Well, now you know how it feels to be betrayed. Your Doctor only cared about saving his own skin.

COLL:

Sir?

JAKS:

What is it, Coll?

COLL:

What's this, Sir?

JAKS:

The TARDIS remote. The Doctor must have dropped it in the scuffle. Mags, quickly!

MAGS:

What do you want me to do?!

JAKS:

Surely you know how to use this?

MAGS:

Haven't a clue.

JAKS:

So he didn't trust you, either. He told me some story about it only working for time travelers.

MAGS:

He said that, did he? (BEAT) Give me that! GRABS TARDIS REMOTE.

BEEPS AS MAGS PUSHES BUTTONS.

JAKS:

So you *do* know how it works?

MAGS:

No, but I can read a big button marked Instant Recall.

SCENE 64: **INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM**

IN FLIGHT FX.

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry about Mags, too, old girl. But we can't take her with us where we're going –

TARDIS LURCHES.

DOCTOR:

Whoa! What was that? (REALISATION) We're being recalled! – Wait, where's my remote control...? (PATS POCKETS. HE DOESN'T HAVE IT) Oh no!

SCENE 65: INT. CASTLE – DUNGEON

TARDIS MATERIALISES.

JAKS:

You did it, Mags! He's coming back! – Coll, Brinn, train your weapons on Mags. (ALOUD) Doctor – if you care about Mags at all, come out of there and give yourself up.

TARDIS DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:

(EXITS) Mags, what have you done...?

MAGS:

What do you mean?! Doctor, I thought we were friends –

JAKS:

Hands on your head, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Oh, Mags. I really wish you'd trusted me.

MAGS:

(UPSET) Doctor, you left me! *Again!* With *him!*

DOCTOR:

Yes. I had to destroy that fake moon before it did any more harm.

MAGS:

But why didn't you take me?

DOCTOR:

It was a suicidally dangerous plan. I was going to pick you up afterwards. If there was an afterwards.

MAGS:

(REALISES SHE'S MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE) ... Really...?

JAKS:

Coll, Brinn – take the Doctor away. And have his box transported to my laboratory. I'll examine it after the ceremony.

MAGS:

You still think I'll marry you?

JAKS:

I know you will. Or your Doctor *will* die – and this time, I mean it.

SCENE 66: INT. CASTLE – GREAT HALL (SOME TIME LATER)

OFF, VULPANAN NOBLES ASSEMBLE.

NOBLES:

They're really going through with it?/
I always cry at weddings./
I only ever cried at mine. (ETC)

ULLA HURRIES UP, WITH 'SISTER LUMOR' [SEE LATER].

ULLA:

This way, Sister...

JAKS:

Mother, where've you been? The ceremony is about to begin.

ULLA:

There can't be a ceremony without a priestess. Jaks – this is Sister Lumor, Arch-Priestess of the First House.

LUMOR:

(ANCIENT, CREAKING FEMALE VOICE) Young man.

JAKS:

Couldn't you have found someone less... ancient? – Doesn't matter. (ASIDE) Start the music!!

MUSIC – 'WEDDING MARCH' OF SORTS.

ULLA:

Here comes the bride. Isn't she exquisite?

CROWD:

(MURMURS OF APPROVAL)

JAKS:

Sister Lumor – you're on.

LUMOR:

(ANCIENT, CREAKING FEMALE VOICE) Sisters. Brothers. Cousins. Friends. We are here to witness the joining in matrimony of Lord Jaks, Alpha of the Clan Benja of the Second House, and Lady Mags...

JAKS:

(AS MAGS ARRIVES, SOTTO) Mags. You look radiant.

MAGS:

(SOTTO) Shut up.

LUMOR:

Lord Jaks, do you take this female to be your wife?

JAKS:

I do.

MAGS:

Not much preamble. You can tell she's used to laser-gun weddings.

LUMOR:

Lady Mags, do you take this male – ?

MAGS:

Take him? I wouldn't have him if he came free with a bag of nuts.

CROWD:

(SHOCKED MURMURS)

LUMOR:

I'm sorry, you'll have to speak up, dear...

MAGS:

I said no! (VERY LOUD, TO CROWD) I'm not marrying him. He's a psycho, a murderer – and a coward.

CROWD:

(SHOCK)

JAKS:

Careful, Mags! Remember –

MAGS:

Oh yes, and he threatened to kill my friend if I didn't marry him. But here's the important bit. He's the one who caused the massacre at the Hunt.

CROWD:

(MASSIVE SHOCK)

JAKS:

She's delusional! Poor girl, the trauma must have damaged her mind –

MAGS:

He's been carrying out secret experiments and messing with all your minds. And we can prove it. Can't we... 'Sister Lumor'?

LUMOR:

That's right. We can even show you the laboratory where he did it.

JAKS:

Who are you...? (A THOUGHT) Wait –

LUMOR:

(BUZZ ON VOICE) I'm sorry, I need to remove this modulator from my mouth –

DOCTOR:

... There. That's better.

CROWD:

(UTTER BAFFLEMENT)

JAKS:

Doctor! Where's Sister Lumor?

DOCTOR:

She couldn't make it. So I stepped in instead.

JAKS:

(ANGRY, BAFFLED) Why didn't I smell you?

DOCTOR:

Oh, I used trueblood saliva to create a holo-cloud of pheromones. The only really tricky part was the voice. But with a few adjustments, the old sonic modulator took care of that.

JAKS:

The guards searched you. They found no such device.

ULLA:

That's right. I had it. And I gave it back to the Doctor when I let him out of the dungeon before the ceremony.

JAKS:

You did what?!

ULLA:

(TO CROWD) Hear me. All of you. My son is a traitor to our world. The Doctor showed me the secret science room where he plotted to destroy our way of life. Follow me, and you will see the proof of his guilt.

JAKS:

Mother! I will kill you! (GROWLS)

JAKS LEAPS TO ATTACK ULLA. SHE FIGHTS BACK.

ULLA:

Nobles of Vulpana, help me!

SEVERAL ANGRY VULPANANS, TAKING WOLF FORM, COME TO HER AID.

NOBLES:

Yes!/
We're here, Lady Ulla!/
We'll help you! (ETC. LOTS OF ANGRY WOLF GROWLING)

MAGS:

Should we help her?

DOCTOR:

No need. Looks like she's got the crowd on her side. Come on.
We've got work to do.

AS THEY EXIT...

ULLA:

(ALoud) I call upon you - all of you! Rise up against my son
and his associates.

CROWD:

(CHEERS)

JAKS:

No! Don't! You'll destroy all my progress!

SCENE 67: INT. CASTLE – CORRIDOR

DOCTOR AND MAGS RUNNING.

DOCTOR:

So, when did you know the Sister was me?

MAGS:

As soon as I smelled you. Those pheromones are disgusting, like cheap aftershave. Where are we going, by the way?

DOCTOR:

Jaks' lab. We have to shut this thing down once and for all.

SCENE 68: INT. CASTLE – GREAT HALL

GROWLING, SNAPPING NOBLES SURROUND JAKS.

NOBLES:

Traitor!/
Kill the traitor!/
Kill the omega! (ETC)

JAKS:

Please, don't hurt me! I did it for Vulpana. For all of us! (TO ULLA) Mother. Help me!

ULLA:

How? You're cornered. You're outnumbered. You can give yourself up – or be torn to pieces.

JAKS:

You want me to surrender?

ULLA:

No, I want you to die like a Vulpanan!

JAKS:

Sorry to disappoint you, Mother. But I had more than a wedding band in my tail suit. (EFFORT – THROWS GRENADE)

ULLA:

A science bomb! (TO CROWD) Get back!

WHINE OF GRENADE. LOUD BANG.

CROWD:

(REACT. SOME COUGHING)

NOBLE:

He's gone! – Where did he go?

ULLA:

He ran away to hide. So he could disappoint me one last time. But we'll find him. Search the Castle!

SCENE 69: INT. CASTLE — JAKS' SECRET LABRATORY

LAB ATMOS. DOCTOR AND MAGS CLAMBER IN...

DOCTOR:

Barton!

BARTON:

Hello, Doctor. Mags.

MAGS:

What are you doing in Jaks' laboratory?

BARTON:

I finally understand Lord Jaks' purpose. I thought I wanted to be like the purebloods. But what if there were no purebloods — and everyone was equal? That was why he built the Fifth Moon.

MAGS:

Whatever Jaks told you, he only cares about himself.

BARTON:

That doesn't matter. As long as the Fifth Moon rises again.

MAGS:

Barton, what have you done?

DOCTOR:

Look at these controls. He's programmed a new orbit — the bloodlust will begin again.

BARTON:

The purebloods will wipe each other out. We'll finally have a free Vulpana.

BLEEPS ETC AS DOCTOR MANIPULATES CONTROLS.

DOCTOR:

If I don't change this orbit, you'll have no Vulpana at all! You've set the moon on a collision course!

BARTON:

You're lying!

DOCTOR:

You have no idea what you're doing! What made you think you could meddle with lunar orbits?

BARTON:

Don't talk down to me! Get away from the control panel.

MAGS:

Barton —

BARTON PRODUCES OBJECT.

BARTON:

I'm warning you!

MAGS:

Not another laser grenade! Barton, put that thing down.

BARTON:

Step away from the panel or I'll blast us all to oblivion. (A THOUGHT) In fact — perhaps I'll blast it anyway. Without the control panel, nothing can stop my plan.

WHINE — GRENADE ACTIVATED (NOT THROWN).

DOCTOR:

Don't be a fool, Barton —

BARTON:

DON'T CALL ME A FOOL!

MAGS:

Doctor, get down!!

LOUD BANG... THEN SILENCE.

SCENE 70: INT. CASTLE – SERVANTS' QUARTERS [LATER]

FADE UP.

MAGS:

(STIRRING IN SLEEP) Ohh... what happened?

ULLA:

Lady Mags.

MAGS:

Ulla! Where am I?

ULLA:

In Barton's quarters. The Doctor had you brought here after the explosion.

MAGS:

Is the Doctor OK?

ULLA:

Your Doctor is. Barton is dead. Burned to cinders by that un-Vulpanan device he set off.

MAGS:

(TAKING IT IN) And what happened to Jaks?

ULLA:

He ran away. But we'll find him. Our house's honour will be restored by his death.

MAGS:

(REMEMBERING) Wait. Barton set the moon on a collision course with Vulpana -

ULLA:

Yes. The Doctor has promised to save us all with his science machine.

MAGS:

I can't believe he left me behind *again!*

ULLA:

He said you had work to do here. A score to settle with my son.

MAGS:

He's right. (HEADING OUT) I'll settle him all right -

ULLA:

Wait. You were burned by the fire too. The Doctor said you should rest -

MAGS:

I'm Vulpanan. We don't rest until we're dead. Or all our enemies are.

ULLA:

If only you had been my daughter.

MAGS:

(EXITING) And if you see the Doctor, tell him he's in big trouble. Nobody gets to dump me three times...!

BEAT.

ULLA:

You can come out from hiding now, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Good, she's gone.

ULLA:

She'll never find him, we've searched everywhere. Now can we go on our mission?

DOCTOR:

It's *my* mission. And it's incredibly dangerous. That's why I'm doing it alone.

ULLA:

One yelp from me and every remaining noble of Vulpana will be here, ready to tear you limb from limb.

DOCTOR:

Don't you understand? I'm trying to save your planet.

ULLA:

No, we are. So – what *is* the plan, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

If I must. The plan was to generate a tractor beam and tow the thing out of orbit. Hoping that the pressure didn't bust the TARDIS's outer shell. But now the moon's in such a low orbit, the gravitational pull will be too strong. Do you understand?

ULLA:

Not a word.

DOCTOR:

(PATIENTLY) It's too late to drag the moon away, so I have to blow it to bits in a controlled explosion. I assume that's the sort of concept you're more familiar with?

ULLA:

It is. Well, what are we waiting for?

DOCTOR:

The thing is, I need a *really* big bomb. Not the sort of thing I carry in the TARDIS.

ULLA:

Like the ones my son carries around?

DOCTOR:

No, not like that. We need something much, much, bigger –

ULLA:

Or lots and lots of smaller things? Because there are hundreds of those devices in my son's laboratory.

DOCTOR:

You're right! Come on, Lady Ulla. To the mad scientist's lair!

SCENE 71: INT. SECRET TUNNEL

LONG, EMPTY TUNNEL; BIG ECHO.

MAGS:

Jaks. — Jaks! (NO REPLY) I know you're here, in your secret escape route. (SNIFFS) I can smell you.

JAKS:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) I should never have showed you the way... 'Lady Mags'.

MAGS:

There you are.

JAKS:

Gone to ground. Like an animal.

MAGS:

Where are you going to go, Jaks? No way back to the Castle. And the only way out leads to a forest full of poachers. You wouldn't last five minutes. It's over.

JAKS:

And yet you came down here to find me. (SNIFFS) Alone. Why not just admit it? You do care about me.

MAGS:

I'll admit I don't want you to die. Not before you've told me your secret.

JAKS:

Which one?

MAGS:

The whole time I've known you, I've never seen you change. So show me what I came here to learn. Teach me how not to be a werewolf.

JAKS:

If I do — will you help me?

MAGS:

(BEAT) Yes.

SCENE 72: INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM

TARDIS HUM. DOORS OPEN. DOCTOR AND ULLA ENTER (CARRYING GRENADES).

DOCTOR:

Come in, Lady Ulla. Yes, it's bigger on the inside. Get over it quickly, we don't have much time.

AS DOORS CLOSE...

ULLA:

I don't think anything could surprise me any more.

DOCTOR:

Put down the grenades – carefully! Thank you. Now, are you *sure* I can't talk you out of this?

ULLA:

I've failed to protect Vulpana too many times. I won't fail again.

DOCTOR:

For the record, I strongly disapprove. Now then, co-ordinates for the moon's surface...

BLEEPS. CENTRAL COLUMN BEGINS TO MOVE.

SCENE 73: INT. CASTLE – SECRET TUNNEL

JAKS:

It's possible to get to a place where you no longer want to change, Mags.

MAGS:

How??

JAKS:

It takes work. You have to focus. Travel deep inside your mind. Past the layers of animal and human, until you arrive at the centre. Your purest self. Do you understand?

MAGS:

Not really. To be honest, I'm disappointed. Is that all??

JAKS:

"All"? I'm talking about a lifetime of self-mastery.

MAGS:

I thought there'd be some sort of gizmo you'd invented. Like the moon. Or, you know, a magic potion –

JAKS:

Some things can only be changed from the inside. I can help you, Mags – if you'll help me...

MAGS:

Oh, Jaks... (BEAT) That was a good try. But I've known you long enough now to smell when you're lying.

DISTANT VOICES – AT OTHER END OF TUNNEL:

NOBLE #1:

A secret passage!

NOBLE #2:

He's down here, I can smell him! (SNIFFS) He's with a female!

NOBLE #1:

Call the others!

MAGS:

(TO JAKS) They've found us. We should get out of here.

JAKS:

Why? You said yourself, I won't last five minutes in the forest.

MAGS:

Well I won't let you die! Not until you tell me the truth! Come on!

MAGS LEADS THE WAY, JAKS FOLLOWS.

SCENE 74: **EXT. FIFTH MOON**

TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOORS. DOCTOR AND ULLA STEP OUT.

DOCTOR:

Here we are. The fifth moon of Vulpana. Designed by your son. It's actually quite an achievement.

ULLA:

It's wicked. Evil. I don't know how I raised such a monster. Where do I place these "grenades"?

DOCTOR:

Anywhere inside the TARDIS force field will do. Just pop them down and wait inside while I make some final adjustments –

ULLA:

What sort of adjustments?

DOCTOR:

Oh, you know, increasing the polarity, fluctuating the quantum field, moderating the gluon flow –

ULLA:

I see. Using your – sonic modulator?

DOCTOR:

You're learning. Back inside the TARDIS, now –

ULLA:

One question, Doctor. How do these "grenades" know when to explode?

DOCTOR:

Well –

ULLA:

(INTERRUPTS) You control them, don't you? With that device. Therefore, you need to be near them.

DOCTOR:

Lady Ulla, you needn't concern yourself [with that]

ULLA:

Yes, I must. It's obvious – in order to destroy this evil place, somebody needs to die with it.

SCENE 75: EXT. VULPANA – FOREST

JAKS AND MAGS EMERGE FROM TUNNEL.

JAKS:

(SNIFFS) I smell poachers.

MAGS:

OK, let's go back to the tunnel –

JAKS:

We can't! The nobles are right behind.

POACHERS:

(MENACING GROWLS)

MAGS:

Oh no. Poachers everywhere!

JAKS:

We're surrounded. Can't go forward, can't go back. Rather like Vulpana itself.

MAGS:

You poachers had better disappear. The Hunt is coming! Dozens of fighters from the Noble Houses. Can't you smell them?

POACHER #1:

(SMELLS) She's right.

POACHER #2:

A whole pack of them.

POACHERS #1 & #2:

Run!

THEY RUN AWAY.

MAGS:

(RUNNING) Come on, Jaks! This way... Jaks? (RUNS BACK TO HIM) Why aren't you running?

JAKS:

Look at the sky.

MAGS:

(LOOKS UP) The moon... The Fifth Moon. It's enormous.

JAKS:

It's too close. It can't be that close. My moon. It's going to destroy us.

MAGS:

No, it's not. The Doctor will save us.

JAKS:

You really believe that, don't you? This strange little man, who keeps abandoning you – your eyes still light up when you mention him.

MAGS:

It's just the moonlight.

JAKS:

I wish, just once, someone had thought of me like that.

SHOUTING AND HOWLING AS THE HUNT ARRIVES.

NOBLES:

There he is!/
Kill the traitor! (ETC)

MAGS:

The Hunt. They've found us.

SCENE 76: **EXT. FIFTH MOON**

DOCTOR:

I can't set off the blast remotely, Lady Ulla. Not reliably.
Not in time.

ULLA:

You would sacrifice yourself for my people?

DOCTOR:

Not just *your* people! There are millions of Vulpanans. Good ones as well as bad. All just living their lives, regardless of who rules the Noble Houses.

ULLA:

Yes. And it's my duty to save them.

DOCTOR:

No.

ULLA:

I told you the truth at the Hunt. I *was* wounded, mortally, in the gut. I *am* dying. At least let me do it quickly.

DOCTOR:

I can't let you —

ULLA:

You dare defy me, peasant? I am matriarch of the Second House. You are nobody. Do not try to take my glory from me.

DOCTOR:

(BEAT) All right, Lady Ulla. You win.

ULLA:

Of course. Now, show me what to do.

SCENE 77: EXT. VULPANA – FOREST

NOBLES SURROUND MAGS AND JAKS.

NOBLE #1:

Lord Jaks, will you give yourself up or fight?

JAKS:

Neither.

MAGS:

Jaks, why didn't you run?

JAKS:

You can't run from the end of the world. Look up, everyone.

NOBLES:

(LOOKING UP, GASPING) The fifth moon!/
Why's it so close?/
It's crashing into us! (ETC)

JAKS:

The moon I built will destroy Vulpana and everyone on it.

NOBLE #1:

Why, Jaks??

JAKS:

Because you all despised me. Because you said I wasn't a true Vulpanan. And now there will be no true Vulpanans. Ever. *I won.*

OFF – SERIES OF LASER GRENADE EXPLOSIONS TEAR ACROSS THE MOON, ESCALATING IN SIZE AND POWER.

JAKS:

What – what's happening?

NOBLES:

(REACT – ASTONISHED)

MAGS:

Your moon's exploding, Jaks. I told you the Doctor would save us.

JAKS:

No. No! My moon! (DEVASTATED) My moon...

NOBLE #1:

Now – kill him! Kill the traitor!

ANGRY NOBLES DESCEND ON JAKS...

NOBLE #2:

Stand aside, Lady Mags! We don't want to harm you.

NOBLE #1:

But the traitor must die for his crimes.

MAGS:

No! Can't you just – lock him in the dungeon or something?

JAKS:

(EXHAUSTED, RESIGNED) Stop it, Mags. Leave me one shred of dignity.

MAGS:

No. You don't deserve it. And you still haven't told me your secret.

JAKS:

(BITTER LAUGH) My secret? There is no secret. I can't transform. I never could. I didn't have to learn to control my inner demon – because I never had one.

MAGS:

Yes, you did. I've met a lot of violent killers on this planet. And other planets. And you're the most ruthless psychopath of them all.

JAKS:

You're lying. But it's kind of you to say so. – Now: get away from me, Mags. (PUSHES MAGS FORCEFULLY)

MAGS:

Ow! – What did you do that for?

JAKS:

Because I've still got one grenade left. (CALLING) You nobles – hold her!

MAGS:

No, Jaks! Jaks!!

WHINE OF GRENADE ACTIVATING.

JAKS:

Tell my mother... I died like a Vulpanan.

EXPLOSION.

MAGS:

Oh, Jaks...

NOBLE #1:

Hunt's over. Let's go.

AS NOBLES LEAVE... TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOOR OPENS.

MAGS:

Doctor! – Jaks, he...

DOCTOR:

So I see.

SCENE 78: INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM

HUM. DOCTOR AND MAGS WALK IN.

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry ancient Vulpana wasn't quite what I promised you, Mags.

MAGS:

What happens now, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(FX: CLOSING DOORS) How do you mean?

MAGS:

Jaks was right. Other planets *will* invade Vulpana. In a few hundred years, I'll be born – and nothing down there will have survived. No castles. No Four Great Houses. Not that they were that great anyway...

DOCTOR:

Civilisations rise and fall. They ebb and flow like the tides. It's natural. How's the old lycanthropy, by the way?

MAGS:

I'm not feeling the need to change, if that's what you mean.

DOCTOR:

Good.

MAGS:

(BEAT) Doctor, is that why you brought me here? To show me that I *don't* need to change? (BEAT) Or that I *do* need to change? (EXASPERATED) Life would be so much easier if you just told people what you mean.

DOCTOR:

Is that what you want? An easy life?

MAGS:

Is that an option?

DOCTOR:

Only for boring people.

MAGS:

Alright, Doctor. Take me somewhere new. And it had better be interesting.

THE END